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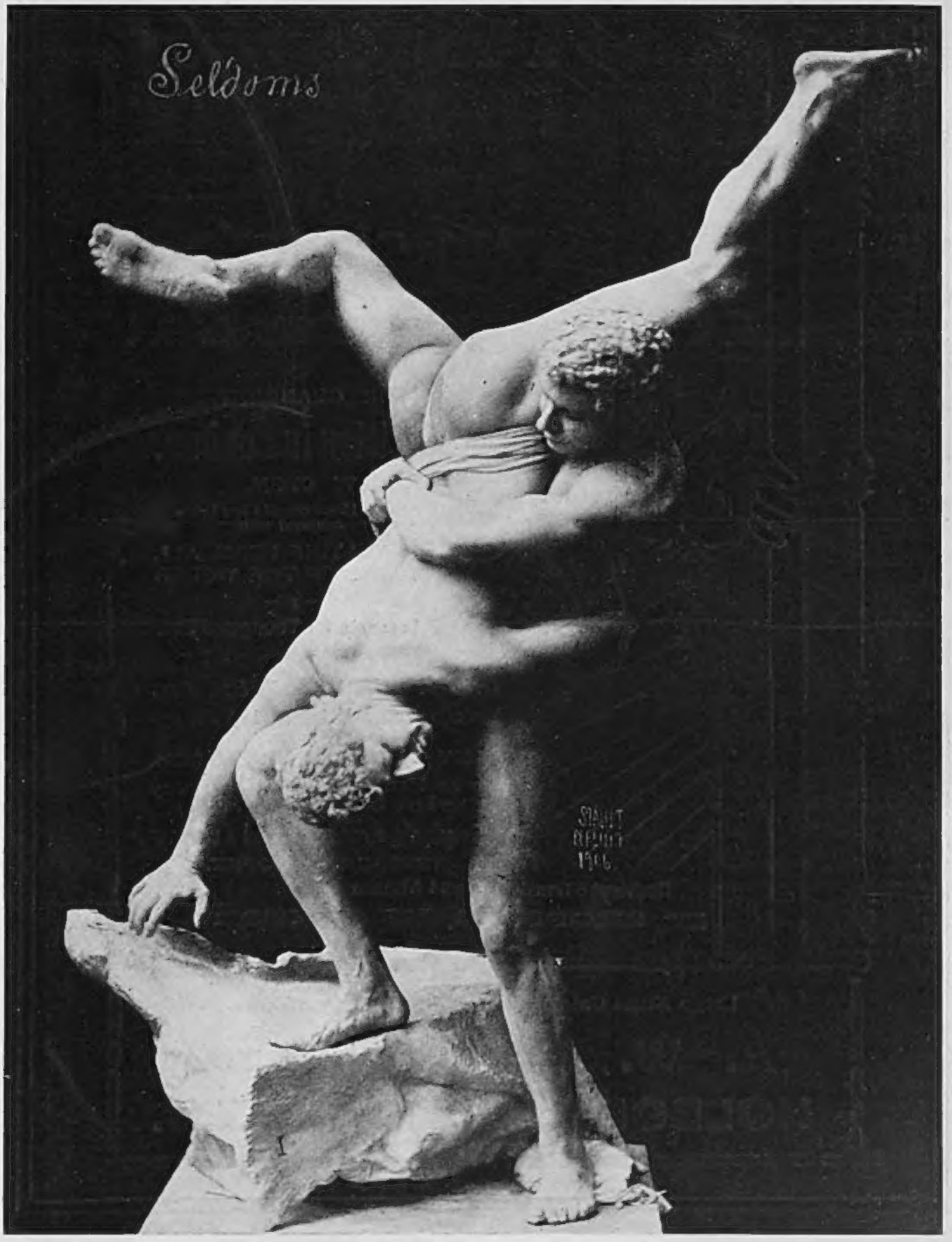

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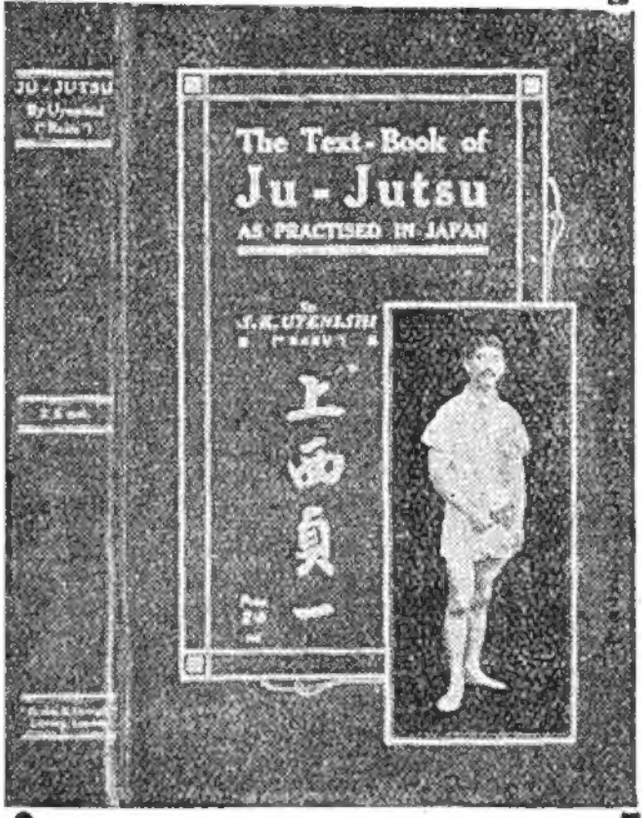

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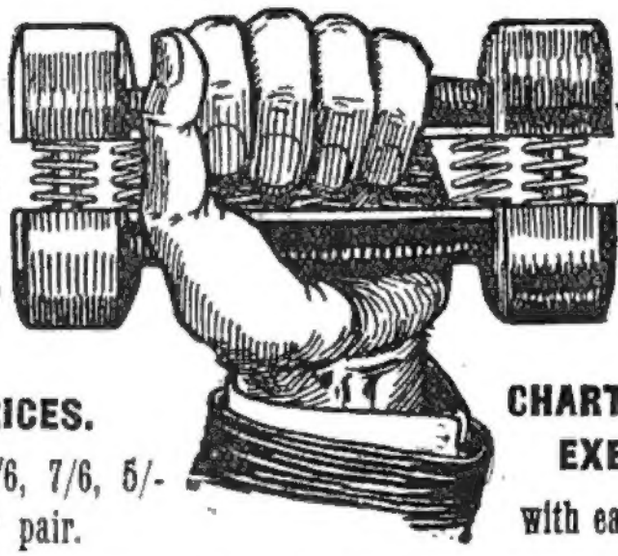

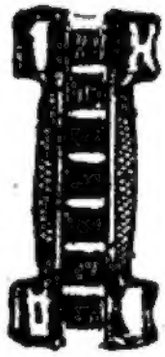

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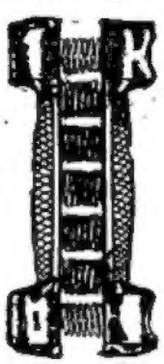

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DECEMBER 20, 1906.

SANDOW'S MAGAZINE

. . . OF . . .

PHYSICAL CULTURE

EDITOR: EUGEN SANDOW.

MOTTO:—*Mens Sana in Corpore Sano*—A SOUND MIND IN A SOUND BODY.

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NOTES FROM MY NOTE-BOOK.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHRISTMAS, the season of festivity, gluttony, merriment and good will is with us once again, and no one, I am sure, is better able to enter more whole heartedly into all its enjoyments and gaieties than the physical culturist. It is one of the good features of bodily training that at a time when excess is the rule rather than the exception, the person who has disciplined his body to healthy normal action is able to withstand the ravages of over-eating and over-drinking with less subsequent injury and discomfort than the untrained individual. Not that I should recommend any physical culture enthusiast to forego his wonted habits of temperance at any time, for after all, in temperance is always to be found the truest and most lasting enjoyment.

Now let me give my readers a tip which I hope many of them will act upon. You have doubtless some friend or acquaintance to whom you intend offering a Christmas present. Perhaps you may think of sending a box of cigars or a case of wine. My advice is, don't. If you are animated by the spirit of good will, your action should display your intentions, and you will be doing a far more beneficial act to your friend by introducing him to the glorious benefits of a strong frame and perfect health. There are many ways of doing this. You can send him a volume of the magazine, or a book on some phase of physical culture. You can send him a portion of or all the necessary outfit to induce him to take the first step on the road to health and strength. I venture to say that in nine cases out of ten such a present will in after years be more highly appreciated than any other offering you could have made.

I AM absolutely convinced that thousands of those who are at present ignorant of the joys, pleasures, and material advantages of physical culture

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only remain so because the opportunity of embracing it has not been brought before them. Let it be your mission, therefore, to spread the light in every way you possibly can, and the result will be the gaining of thousands of new recruits to the ever growing army of physical culturists. Never mind a few reverses at the outset. Stick to your guns, and if you only gain one recruit to the cause, you will have the satisfaction of knowing that you have done your share of the work. Let those laugh who will. They laugh loudest who laugh last, and with health and strength to support you you can afford to laugh longest.

A HAPPY CHRISTMAS.
The Editor wishes every reader of SANDOW'S MAGAZINE a thoroughly Happy Christmas, with a good appetite and cast iron digestion, steady nerves, firm muscles, clear eyes, and cool, strong brains for the coming year.

IN the New Year that will shortly open before us I want to see thousands of new names added to our roll. You can help. You can at least bring the magazine to the notice of one of your friends or one of your fellow workmen. One member of the Readers' Club, who works in a large ironworks, writes to tell me that he has introduced no less than thirty of his fellow mates to physical culture during the last twelve months. I don't expect every reader to achieve such a degree of success as that, but there is no reason why every reader should not obtain just one more. If you do that you will have done all that can fairly be expected of you. Just try between now and New Year's Day.

I REFERRED recently in these notes to the statement in a local paper that Kidderminster had no Physical Culture club, and this was promptly denied by a resident, who sent particulars of three such organisations. Therefore, it is with a certain feeling of doubt that I give publicity to a correspondent's assertion that Stalybridge is also in the benighted condition falsely attributed to Kidderminster. There may, unknown to this correspondent, be such a society in existence in that town, and, if so, I shall be very pleased to hear of it from some resident in Stalybridge.

Eugen Sandow

SANDOWISMS.

THE frog cannot breathe with its mouth open, its breathing apparatus being so arranged as to exclude air at all times except when the nostrils alone are working. There would be fewer sore throats and head colds if man were built the same way.

DATES are exceedingly nourishing, and also prevent constipation. But dates can be bought for next to nothing, so they are not much in favour.

THE priests and monks of Italy live longer than any other professional men in that country. Fifty-seven per cent. live beyond three score and ten. What say the married men to this?

SOME fool of a farmer thinking his pigs needed a tonic, gave them a small dose of strychnine, and in consequence a number of them promptly died Pigs are not human beings, he should have remembered.

ABOUT twice as much power is required to stop an express train as to start one. Its exactly the same with a bad habit.

BRISTOL water, in clean vessels, may be kept for any length of time. This is attributed to the lime which it contains.

ACHILLES was bred up by Chiron on lion's marrow, and that of other wild beasts (instead of bread and milk), bears, wild boars, and wolves' marrow and lions' entrails.

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YOUTHFUL ADMIRABLE CRICHTON.

AT eight years of age Master Eric Jarrett excels at billiards, swimming, riding, piano playing, and violin playing.

Eric is the son of a hotel proprietor. In addition to the above talents, he is also a fluent French scholar, and is ambidextrous, being able to write his name equally well with both hands. Although he practically taught himself billiards, his proficiency is remarkable. He has a splendid eye, cool nerve, and excellent judgment. He frequently makes breaks of thirty. Eric declares that of all his pastimes he loves billiards and swimming best. His father describes him as "a marvellous little sportsman." At swimming he was able to take the length of the St. George's Baths twice, after a dozen lessons. In the saddle he has a good seat, and has been riding since he was five years old.

He stands but 4 ft. 4 in. in height, and consequently looks a very diminutive object at the billiard table; but he plays with an ease and suppleness which are the envy of grown up players.

Eric has a ten-year-old brother, Sydney, and the two are devoted companions, though the elder boy is more a student than a sportsman, owing to early delicateness. Both are studying at home under governesses, and will continue so until Eric reaches his twelfth year, when the lads will enter Westminster School together.

Instructor S. C. Howard, Dartford. (See "Readers' Club," page 795.)

DAUGHTERS OF ANAK.

THE increase of athletic games by girls is the reason assigned by Miss Julian, principal of Tunbridge Wells High School, for the necessity for raising the height of school desks. She says that desks which were comfortable ten years ago are now several inches too low for girls of the same age.

SAVING THE BABIES.

FOLLOWING the example of the Mayor of Huddersfield, Sir Thomas Brooke-Hitching, Mayor of Marylebone, is offering a present of £1 to all poor parents in his district whose children born within his year of office live for a year.

"I feel," he says, "that there is enormous waste of infant life in the metropolis, a great deal of it being due to entire absence of knowledge of the proper feeding and clothing of children on the part of young mothers. We have all heard of young mothers feeding their children on gin and pickles, and though this may be an exaggerated statement, there is no doubt that quite young mothers often allow their babies to take the food that they are themselves taking.

"If the expenditure of a small sum of money in the way proposed will induce parents to exercise more care in the rearing of their infants, it will be a good thing. The money will be given only to genuine residents whose names are on the burgess register, and persons whose total income does not exceed £2 a week.

"Notice of the birth will have to be given to me at my residence, 2, Park Crescent, or at the Town Hall by post card, within one calendar month of the birth. A card bearing my signature will be sent by way of acknowledgment, and the money will be paid on the first anniversary of the child's birth in exchange for the card, the child having meanwhile been visited by the Mayoress, Lady Brooke-Hitching, or her representative."

INTOXICATION.

DR. WALDO asked a witness at the City Coroner's Court recently to define intoxication. The man's reply was: "When a man has lost his recollection and his feet." Dr. Waldo said that in Southwark a man was not intoxicated until he was lying prostrate on the ground and was incapable.

INSANITY IN MANY LANDS.

China has less Lunatics than any other Country. **By an American Ex-Attache.**

LORD ROSEBERY, in presiding as Lord Lieutenant of the county of Linlithgow at the opening of an asylum for the insane at Bangour, instituted at considerable expense by the city of Edinburgh, delivered an address which calls for more than passing attention. Referring to the scheme of segregating the unfortunate patients in cottages, in lieu of confining them in one vast building, he began by expressing the wish that the population of the village of Bangour might not grow, but rather diminish, until it became an even more deserted village than the hamlet of Oliver Goldsmith's poem. He then remarked that a sum of not less than £30,000,000 has been invested in these public asylums for the insane in the United Kingdom, which he described as tombs for the intellectually dead. He added that £3,000,000 were spent annually for their maintenance, but pointed out that all this enormous amount of money is expended by the nation, not for those for whom it can have any hope of in the future, or in whom it can have any confidence as good citizens, but for those who represent their waste and decay—in short, that it was of all public investments the most unproductive. Lord Rosebery did not condemn this expenditure as extravagant, nor did he intimate that the lot of the insane should be rendered more cruel by the diminishment of their comforts. But he argued that some steps should be taken to arrest the altogether phenomenal increase of insanity. During the last fifty years, while the population of the United Kingdom has increased by 75 per cent., the number of lunatics had augmented by 230 per cent.

With regard to the causes of this growth of lunacy, which is by no means confined to England, but which extends to all the civilised countries, he was unable to speak with any degree of assurance, and, save for the fact that twenty-five per cent. of insanity is medically ascribed to heredity, he was compelled to restrict himself to the expression of opinions of his own.

HURRY AND IDLENESS.

Thus, Lord Rosebery is inclined to attribute much of the spread of dementia to the haste and restlessness of our modern twentieth century life, which show themselves in an entire absence of repose, and in the development of a perfect mania for speed, not only where motors are concerned, but also in steamship and railroad travel. To this many will be disposed to take exception. In no country in the world is hurry developed to such a degree as in the United States. Yet statistics go to show that the ratio of insanity to the population is not in any sense larger, but, on the contrary, rather smaller, than that among many European nations where more leisurely ways and methods prevail.

If people are kept so busy in America that they have but little time for thought and quiet reflection, they likewise have no time to brood upon the subject of their real or imaginary wrongs and miseries, and the result is that there is much less of that morbid introspection which, when allowed free rein, too frequently develops into monomania. Strenuosity of mind and of body are to such a degree regarded by the leading alienists as beneficial in cases of diseases of the mind, that we find them endeavouring to cure Queen Sophia of Sweden of her religious melancholia by compelling her to perform the most arduous kind of housework and of gardening, while chess, the most intellectually absorbing of games, was prescribed with some success for the late Sovereign Prince of Lippe, who spent the greater part of his reign under restraint. Leisure exists to a much greater extent in the Old World than in America, where everybody is led by necessity, by heredity and by custom to labour for the sake of fame or of wealth. Where leisure is

applied to philanthropy, study, etc., it ceases to be leisure. But when not thus employed it becomes idleness, and the latter is one of the chief promoters of insanity.

SOME AMERICANS ARE WISE.

Of course, it cannot be denied that in America the absence of repose is every year becoming more pronounced, and to those who can recall conditions there twenty-five and thirty years ago the change in this respect appears most marked. People, especially in the big cities, allow themselves so little time for quiet reflection from the moment that they arise until the hour when they retire to bed that they may be said to do everything on the spur of the moment and without due consideration. That they should make so few mistakes under the circumstances speaks volumes for their intuition, their mental alertness and their soundness of judgment. There is an old adage in Europe to the effect that second thoughts are always the best. But in America it is the first thought which always obtains, and almost invariably with advantage. That Americans experience occasionally the need for quiet and undisturbed reflection, however, is shown in a very curious manner. In those of the churches which are situated in the business districts of the various cities and which remain open throughout the day, there are usually to be found prominent business men, who retire thither at the noon hour, not for the purpose of prayer, but merely to have a quiet think, often about business matters, free from any kind of interruption. There alone they find the absolute freedom from every disturbing element which is denied to them everywhere else, from their waking until they are overtaken by sleep.

LESS LUNACY IN THE ORIENT.

While, however, strenuosity is beneficial to body and mind, worry is not, and it is the absence of worry, resulting from Oriental fatalism, that accounts largely for the relatively small ratio of insanity in both Africa and Asia. True, statistics are almost impossible to obtain concerning the prevalence of lunacy in these two continents owing to the fact that the mentally afflicted are rarely kept under restraint. But the very fact that they are permitted to wander about at will, regarded from the Atlantic coast of Northern Africa to the Pacific coast of Easternmost Asia, as under the particular protection of the Divine powers, and treated in consequence with the utmost kindness and generosity, enables one to form some idea of the relative paucity of their numbers, as compared with the teeming masses of the population. In India, for instance, although the 300,000,000 natives are periodically scourged by the most terrible visitations of plague and famine beyond human control, the proportion of lunacy to the population is infinitesimally small as compared with the figures of the United Kingdom. In the Orient, as long as a lunatic is harmless, everybody considers it not only a duty toward his particular divinity to lend his unfortunate fellow creature a helping hand, but also as calculated to bring luck. It is only when the lunatic becomes afflicted with homicidal mania and begins to run amock that he is either shot or cut down, a measure rendered necessary for self-protection. In no part of the world is there so little insanity as in China. While this is doubtless in a large measure due to the phlegmatic temperament of the 400,000,000 subjects of Emperor Kwang-su, it is still more attributable to the extraordinary industry of the Chinese, an industry rendered necessary by the over-population of the empire. The Chinese are as perpetually busy as the proverbial bee, and their activity of mind and of body is even more continuous than that of the Americans. This surely goes to show the fallacy of Lord Rosebery's opinion when he expresses the view that lunacy results from restlessness, from haste and from an absence of repose.

WORRY THAT KILLS.

If Lord Rosebery had taken a wider view of the subject, he would have attributed the increase of mental unsoundness, not to the full employment of mind and body, even in a strenuous degree, as evinced by haste and perpetual movement, but to the lack of that hopeful buoyancy so characteristic of Americans on the one hand, or to the absence of that fatalism which relieves

the Oriental mind of all dread of the future and of its real or imaginary disasters. It has been well said that it is not work, but worry, that kills. The American spirit usually rises superior to a disaster that would crush a European. If he loses one fortune he courageously and cheerfully sets to work to make another. He has confidence in himself, he knows that his country is full of opportunities, and that efficiency of any kind meets with its due reward. In England, however, this true sporting instinct appears conspicuous by its absence. Everything seems to run in a groove. A few rise and prosper, but they can only reach a certain height. Various artificial social distinctions continually remind them of their inferiority. Those who fall are seldom able to rise again. For them the future is hopeless. The ones who remain in the groove in which they were born, find their position none too easy. For they are crowded and jostled by those ready to take their place when age or sickness causes them to fall to the rear. This continual dread of being forced to join the ranks of the unemployed is an important factor in the breeding of that worry which leads to insanity. It begets "feverish haste," which is very different to a healthy desire for activity. It is a form of fear that is killing in its effects. It not only shows itself in a dread of loss of fortune or employment, but in other ways that are familiar to those who have charge of asylums for the insane. Equanimity of mind, a courage that has no more fear for an imaginary future disaster than it has for a present trial of strength and patience, are the qualities that strengthen the mind against insanity. They are qualities which are largely a question of environment and of circumstances, and in these respects the United States is singularly happy. And yet the characteristic mental equipment of its citizens is diametrically opposed to the fatalism of the Orient, although the results obtained are apparently similar.

HOW TO SAVE THE POOR.

There is one remark, however, of Lord Rosebery's with which everyone will be disposed to agree. It is this, that if the public are willing to devote such enormous sums of money to the housing and the care of the intellectually dead, it should not be so careless with regard to the housing of the intellectually living—that is to say, of the sane poor. Whereas, lunatics who can be of no further use whatsoever to the community, and who are destined to remain for ever a totally unproductive investment of capital, are provided not only with greater comforts, but likewise, with the most up-to-date, commodious, and even luxurious habitations, regardless of cost, the labouring classes—that is to say, useful citizens and their children, who are destined to become factors in the nation's prosperity, are permitted to live among the most appalling surroundings, in frightful tenements, under the most insanitary and demoralising conditions. True, there have been isolated efforts on the part of millionaire philanthropists to redress this wrong, which can only be looked upon as an economic crime, but there have been no organised attempts on the part of either governments or municipalities to deal with this question. Were they to devote the same amount of money and thought to the housing of the hardworking poor as they have given in the past to the insane, it would represent an investment that would yield in the long run far greater advantages to the community.

MILITANT CHRISTIANITY.

A remarkable scene occurred at Omaha, Nebraska, recently, when "Kid" Wedge, the champion light weight boxer of Arkansas, declined to take part in a boxing contest on the ground that he had been converted, and that it was wrong to fight, save in self-defence.

Wedge entered the ring in the presence of 2000 people, and astounded everybody by handing his opponent a tract, with the wish that he would read it carefully.

The amazed boxer seemed to regard this as a personal insult, and he promptly smote the "Kid" on the nose. Wedge then said: "We are told to turn the other cheek." He did so and was rewarded with a terrific blow which sent him against the ropes.

"I have not been told what to do next," said Wedge, "but I guess I can pound you to a pulp without interfering with my conscience."

The fight which followed was much livelier than the one advertised. Both pugilists were badly disfigured but the victory was given to Wedge, who promised to pray for his opponent. He has retired permanently from the prize ring.

ARTICLETTES.

SHOULD ONE SLEEP AFTER EATING?

WE would not now revert to this oft discussed question to give anyone's theoretical views or personal belief in the matter, or to bring forward the familiar argument that because animals sleep just after they have eaten, hence the human animal should do the same. Dr. Schule, of Fribourg, has, however, approached the subject from the chemico-experimental side, and his results are worthy of record. Having analysed the stomach's contents in two normal subjects a few hours after meals, some of which were followed by sleep and others not, he finds that sleep has for its constant effect the weakening of the stomach's motility, and at the same time there is an increase in the acidity of the gastric juice. On the other hand, simple repose in the horizontal position stimulates the motive function of the stomach, but does not increase the acidity of gastric juice. The conclusion is hence reached that, while one should stretch himself out for a rest in the horizontal decubitus after a hearty meal, he should resist the tempting Morpheus, especially if there be present a dilated state of the stomach, or if its juices be hyperacid.—*Family Doctor.*

THE GOSPEL OF HEALTH.

A SUGGESTION was made recently by Dr. Eliot, President of Harvard University, that "selected physicians should become public practitioners as well as private practitioners."

In commenting on this suggestion the *Practitioner* says: "We should prefer that the two functions of teaching and healing were separated. If the preacher is a practitioner also, he will always be open to the suspicion of advertising himself, and this would go far to destroy his success as a missionary. The preacher of the gospel of medicine should, in fact, be a specialist.

"We are convinced that if the idea of what may be called an order of medical preachers could be realised, the ignorance and superstition that now hinder the acceptance of medical truths and foster quackery would be gradually dissipated."

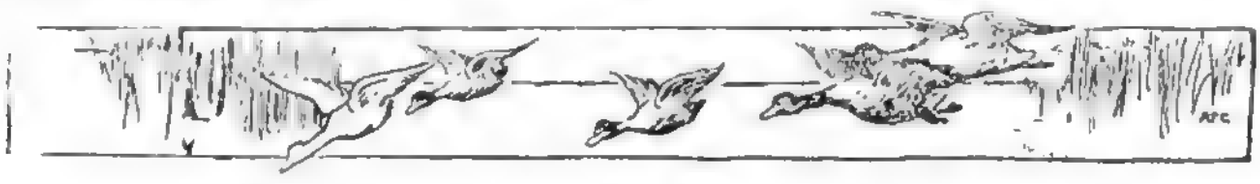
MUSCULAR FORCE OF INSECTS.

L'ABBE PLESSIS says that recently, by way of experiment, he placed a large horned beetle on a smooth plank, and then in a light box adjusted on the carapace of the insect, added weights up to 22 lb. In spite of the comparatively enormous burden, being three hundred and fifteen times its own weight, the beetle managed to lift it and move it along. A man of ordinary muscular power is fully a hundred times feebler in proportion, and had an elephant such comparative strength it would run away with the Obelisk of Luxor, a load of 5,060,000 lb.

OBESITY—A DIET TREATMENT.

IN the treatment of obesity a strict attention is required to the food taken by the person affected. Toast should be eaten, and fruits, asparagus, cabbage, cucumbers, and salads are all useful. For liquids—seltzer water, fruit syrups, white wine, and cider are all good. Potatoes, carrots, rice, confectionery, butter, fats, beer, red wine, milk, coffee, tea, chocolate, cocoa, and spirituous drinks should all be avoided. The treatment must necessarily vary in its detail according to the persons affected, but we would advise those who desire to reduce themselves in weight, and to get rid of their superfluous fat, to eat frequently, but little at a time, and never drink at meals. If these people take, in four or five repasts, or even more, the same quantity of meat that they have been accustomed to eat in two or three, the result is certain to be a diminution of weight. Heavy meals have a tendency to induce fat, while light meals tend to the reverse.

Unfortunately, as attenuation leaves its traces on the face, it follows that friends of the person under treatment are in the habit of saying, "How thin you are getting! What is the matter with you?" This has the effect of frightening the patient with his treatment, and frequently turns him from his purpose of continuing it. Women, particularly, are apt to take fright as the thinning process makes lines in the face, but this alarm is perfectly groundless, and cannot be made too plain to them, as although these lines cannot at once disappear, it will not be long before they do so. In their case, it is only necessary to cultivate patience.



WALKING FROM AN EDUCATIONAL POINT OF VIEW.

You may learn more from Travel than from Books.

(*Continued from Page 755.*)

THIRD—I next come to the acquisition of foreign languages, which walking abroad is bound to entail. It is quite true that a traveller may visit the principal cities of Europe and inspect the chief objects of interest in them, and never be called upon to say a foreign word, and he may learn all he wishes to hear of his native tongue. A wealthy member of Parliament once told me he had gone over the Continent on the strength of a single sentence: "Are the beds well aired?" We are often told that English is now taught in all the public elementary schools abroad, so there is no need to acquire other languages. Well, if Max Muller was right when he said, "He that knows only one language knows none," and if the acquisition of a foreign tongue is one of the best mental exercises possible then the question of the value of learning another tongue from a utilitarian point of view is out of court, as one learns for learning's sake. I wish then to correct a mistake as to the general prevalence of English speaking on the Continent, and especially in France. When I walked to Monte Carlo I stayed in twenty-three hotels *en route*, and except in Paris and Fontainebleau I came across only one individual who could speak English, and he was landlord of a hotel at Peage de Rousillon, who had formerly been valet to an English gentleman. Even in Monaco neither my landlord nor waiters spoke English. In Spain (of course outside of Madrid and Barcelona) you need never expect to find anyone speaking anything but his own language; even in Seville a waiter's vocabulary never extended beyond French. In Italy you will find English spoken in such places as Rome, Venice and Florence, but if my experience goes for anything you will not hear it in Vicenza, Leghorn, Piacenza, Parma or Civita Vecchia. In Switzerland you may hear English spoken everywhere, but in Germany it will be confined to the great towns by the Rhine, and towns of such importance as Dresden, Magdeburg, etc. In Denmark, in spite of my English speaking servant girl, I found no one in such towns as Ribe, Korsor, Nyborg, Ringsted or Roskilde who knew how to speak English. As might be expected, in all wayside inns where I have stopped for refreshment, it has been an unknown quantity. So it is imperative that a man should speak the native tongue of the country he walks in if he wants to be fed, and still more if he does not want to be cheated.

LIMITATIONS OF BOOKS.

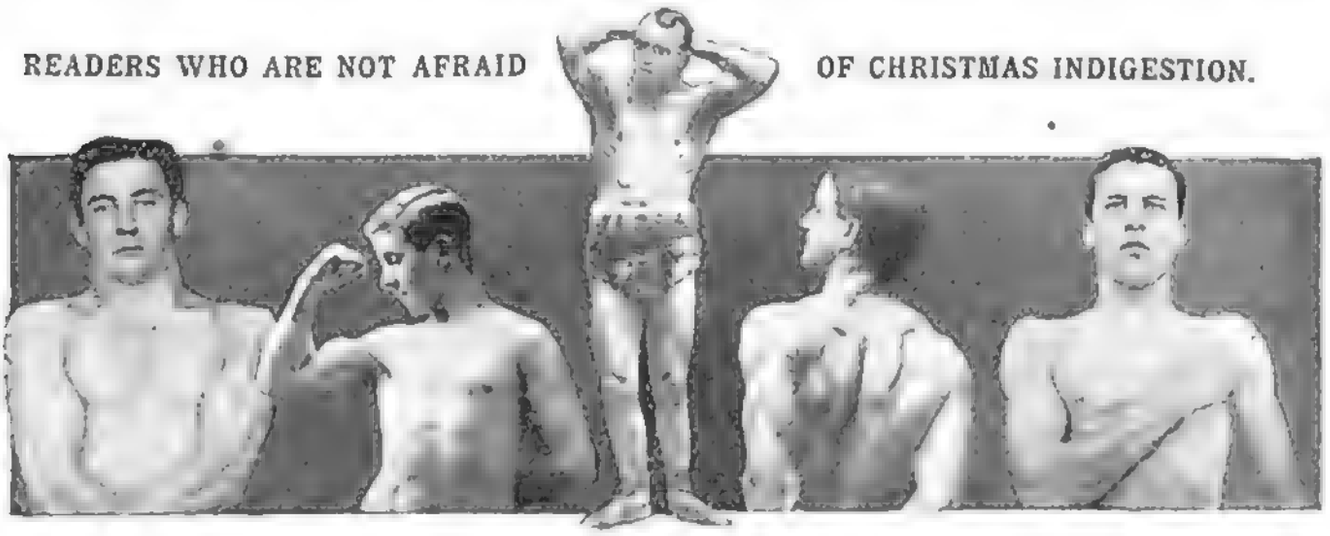
Some years ago Lord Dufferin voiced public experience when he spoke of the unsatisfactory way in which foreign languages are taught in English schools. The results are totally inadequate to the time and money expended on the subject. Just as every girl of the better classes gives at least ten years to the acquisition of music, while it remains a rare thing for a company of twenty ladies to yield one who can put in a second or play an accompaniment, so the English remain the most helpless of nations in the matter of language outside their own country. If you meet an Englishman abroad who can speak the language of

the country he is in, depend upon it he is a commercial traveller. He will speak it because he has not drawn his knowledge from a grammar or a phrase book, but from the language of life. Those of us who can remember Albert Smith will recollect the plight of an Englishman he depicted who wanted to know the time of dinner and could find in his phrase book nothing but pretty compliments to a lady. The great Bishop Creighton, himself an author of high repute, at the close of his life saw how little that is useful can be learned from books (he had his own sons in his mind), and laid it down that true education came from contact with one's fellow man. An inspector of schools has remarked upon the infatuation of writers of books for schools to make the children learn sentences which never would be used in ordinary life, and he cites such sentences as "Sit on a sod and nod to Bob." The infatuation is not confined to writers of English.

The best start in life for any young man is to be faced with the alternative, work or starve. So when the young man has to talk or starve it is wonderful how soon he finds tongue even in a foreign land, and not merely has he to speak so as to be understood, but he must understand what is said to him in return. I was once in a little cafe in Florence, and having been served with bread and cheese, I wanted some butter (*burro*). I could not understand why the waitress brought me the carving knife until I learned that the Italian word is the same for both, the difference being in the accent.

At every turn the walker may be adding to his vocabulary, for he will read such notices as that begging is forbidden in the village, and that nomadic people may only encamp beyond certain limits; while in Germany the military notices as to the headquarters of the regiment, and advertisements everywhere, will teach him many words in ordinary use, and practice will enable him to adapt his tongue to their pronounciation. I am by no means saying that a walk across France will make a man a fluent French scholar, but if he takes pains he will know how to make his way about, will be able to answer a question if addressed to him, and will know the meaning of such ordinary French quotations as find their way into a daily paper or an ordinary book.

READERS WHO ARE NOT AFRAID OF CHRISTMAS INDIGESTION.



Mr. E. Hume, Canterbury, N.Z. | W. Halmshaw, Cleckheaton. | A. Bilsborough, Blackburn. | G. F. Miles, Pretoria. | C. Thompson (address not stated).

ENLARGES THE IDEAS.

Fourth—That travelling enlarges our ideas is one of those vague sentences which it is easier to write than to explain. However, if mixing with the world rubs the angles off us, so mixing with other people tones down the differences we have formed in our minds of them. The world is wonderfully alike all over. One feels almost disappointed that it is possible to go all through Italy and never see a knife used in anger, or to walk

across France from sea to sea and never have either frogs or snails set before one, or to go through Spain without meeting a brigand, or to go all the Continent over without hearing a disrespectful word of your nation or your religious belief. Naturally, it is the vices of other nations which have most impressed our minds, yet the traveller (unless he looks for it) may fail to find lack of decorum in France, or any trace of bigotry in Spain, or any contempt for religion in Rome, or any hate of England among the Dutch.

As for the positive side of the question, it may be said that Walt Whitman, the greatest of American poets in the judgment of W. M. Rossetti, had little education except that which he gathered as he tramped the world over and picked up everywhere the great lessons of life. No one would wish to imply that mere walking would turn ordinary people into poets or scholars, but without exaggeration it may be claimed that sufficient knowledge of other people is gained to enable one to form a judgment upon extravagant tales and reports which from time to time find their way into print, and to discount the statement of those who would represent the eccentricities of an individual as the habits of a people.

THE MICROBE'S REQUEST.

A Microbe, basking in a septic tank,
Raised his wee voice aloud the gods to thank
That man at last awarded him the palm
Of merit for his useful work, a balm
To injured feelings. Centuries of blame
Had he encountered; every name
Of odium flung at him; a hero in disguise
Toiling for good amidst abusive cries.
But now how vast the change! Our praise is sung
Wherever wags the scientific tongue.
No longer villified with microbloquous terms,
We're styled the useful, nitrifying germs.
'Tis true that certain black sheep taint our grace—
But so it is amongst the human race.
Enterititis, staphylococci, mesenteric spores
Have prototypes in man—the knaves and bores—
There always will be good and bad in life—
The world of Nature is a world of strife.
We share, we microbes, in this vital war,
We ask for common justice, nothing more.

—*The Surveyor.*

MUSIC AND MEDICINE.

DR. G. NORMAN MEACHEN, M.D., B.Sc., lectured to doctors of medicine and music at the Brinsmead Hall recently on "The Place of Music in the Healing Art." The lecture was given under the auspices of the Incorporated Guild of Church Musicians.

Dr. Meachen argued that there was a distinct connection between music and medicine, and declared that the first recorded instance of a musical treatment was for madness, when David played the harp before Saul. A subsequent speaker pointed out that Saul flung his javelin at David.

The lecture was interspersed with musical selections to illustrate Dr. Meachen's theory. As he mentioned various diseases and physical functions a piano or a violin gave point to the argument. For instance:

Quickening heart-beat and respiratory movements.	Mendelssohn's "Wedding March."
Bite of tarantula spider.	The 17th century melody, "The Dance of the Tarantula."
To soothe excitability and induce somnolence.	Chopin's "Nocturne in E Flat," and one of Stavenhagen's "Pastorales."
To dissipate nervous weariness.	Godard's "En Courante."

Dr. Meachen quoted cases where music (kind unspecified) cured a child of screaming fits, reduced febrile temperature, and soothed the insane, and where the banjo cured in three days an apparently hopeless case of neurasthenia.

MUSIC AND MEALS.

Dr. Meachen said that music enlarges the blood vessels, and therefore causes the blood to flow more freely, whereby the digestion is stimulated. "Thus," he said, "the good effect is seen of an orchestra at meals."

Dr. Meachen also expressed his belief that music is a cure for alcoholism, and cited as evidence in some measure the popularity of Saturday night concerts, and in conclusion, he asserted that music must not be used as a remedy:—

(1) When absolute quiet must be maintained.

(2) When the ears are inflamed;

(3) When the patient does not desire it.

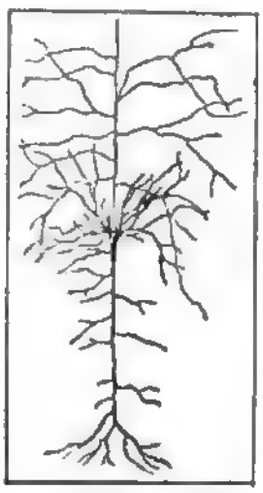
Dr. Churchill Sibley, who presided, said that he could anticipate a good time coming for musicians. "I can see a Musical Pharmacopœia arriving soon with such prescriptions as 'forty-one bars of tremulo to cure delirium tremens,'" he said.

WHY CIGARETTE SMOKING IS DANGEROUS.

By J. H. Kellogg, M.D.

BOYS and young men cannot fully appreciate the evils of cigarette smoking, unless they know something about these wonderful bodies of ours. Looking at them from the outside, one gets a very imperfect idea of what they really are.

Perhaps you have never thought of it, but a medical man can nearly always tell the boy who smokes by the shape of his mouth, or the appearance of his face, for tobacco using somehow changes some of the delicate machinery of the body. It hurts and spoils it.



The Healthy Nerve Cell of a Non-Smoker.

IS YOUR HEART WEAK?

I have here a little instrument which, when placed on the pulse, writes down on a piece of paper the kind of heart a man has. This is the tracing of an ordinary, healthy man. Here, on the other hand, is a tracing made from a confirmed tobacco user. His heart was sputtering like the tongue of a boy who stammers. It was weak. If he should start to run a little, his heart would palpitate or perhaps fail entirely, for tobacco paralyses the heart. This is the reason why a boy gets so sick the first time he smokes.

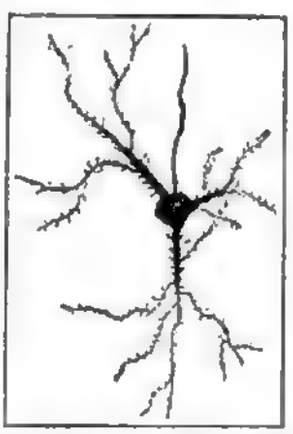
The white blood cells are among the most interesting things in all the body. They are like the policemen who walk up and down the streets. If they find a dead cat or dog, they send the scavenger to take it away. So with these little cells; if they find a tiny speck in the body, they put out little lips and eat it up. If they cannot swallow it, they pour out something that digests it. They are doing this kind of work all the while, and that is the way the blood is kept pure and clean. As long as these blood cells are in good condition they are capable of destroying typhoid fever, pneumonia, or tubercular germs, even if they get into the blood. If it were not for these white cells we should all speedily die, *but tobacco paralyses these cells so that they cannot fight off the germs.* When a smoker gets pneumonia, he is very likely to die.

BAD MEMORIES AND THE REASON WHY.

The youth who smokes cigarettes soon begins to lose his memory. When we see things and hear things, we store up images in the brain. In order to re-call them it is necessary to have contact between the branches of the nerve cells. If the nerve cells are in good condition, we can think clearly and have good, strong minds and retentive memories. If we only have a few that are in contact, then we cannot remember some things, and can only be about half ourselves.

Cut No. 1 is a picture of a healthy brain cell. You see it looks like a tree with all its branches perfect. No. 2 is a cell which has been spoiled by tobacco or alcohol. Many of the branches are gone; hence it can make but few contacts.

I have here a little instrument that I had made in Paris some years ago, which measures how long it takes a man to think. The little hand revolves once every second. The dial is divided into one-hundredth parts of a second. When a man takes a little whisky or a small amount of tobacco, I have found that it lessens the rapidity of his thinking. I now want some boy to come up on the platform who has been smoking cigarettes and one who has not, and we will note the difference. [It took only one-



The Diseased Nerve Cell of the Smoker.

sixteenth of a second for a nerve impulse to travel from the hand to the brain, and be sent back again into the left hand of a young man who had never used tobacco. In the other young man, who had smoked fifteen or twenty cigarettes, it took nearly three times as long.]

The strong regular beat of the heart of a non-smoker.

There is nothing good in tobacco—cigars, cigarettes, or pipes. It is a savage custom that was learned from the American Indians, and has ruined the health of thousands of boys and young men.

If every time you smoked a cigarette it should produce a wart on your nose or blotch on your face, you would soon stop smoking. That is only the outside of it. But it *does* spoil the *inside*, and then it spoils the outside afterward. I hope that none of you will ever smoke another cigarette as long as you live. I pray that God may help you to make this resolution and carry it out; also to do good missionary work in persuading other boys who are smoking cigarettes to give them up.

The weak irregular beat of the smoker's heart.

LONDON'S ATHLETIC FEAST.

THE greatest gathering of famous athletes the world has ever seen will be witnessed in London in 1908, when the Olympic games will take place.

Although details have not been considered, the council propose to work on the following lines :—

1. The events are only open to *bonâ fide* amateurs, and as many forms of sport will be included as may be practicable.

2. A guarantee fund will be formed.

3. A proposal is under consideration whereby the necessary buildings, tracks, enclosures, and an area to seat 100,000 spectators will be provided free of expense to the Olympic Association, together with a proportion of the receipts, to go towards the other expenses connected with the games.

4. The council do not propose to pay the expenses of any competitor whatever, either for travelling or for residence in this country.

5. The prizes will consist of certificates, with gold, silver, and bronze medals, which will become the standard medals for these games. But certain challenge prizes have been offered in addition by the generosity of private individuals or of societies.

6. The games will be held in July, after Henley Regatta and after the A.A.A. championships.

7. As far as possible all the competitions, including swimming, archery, fencing, lawn tennis, etc., will be held on the same site, in which the amphitheatre for the track athletics will be erected. But when, as in the case of rowing, it is necessary to hold the contests elsewhere, the arrangements will be made by the association governing the sport.

Most important of all, perhaps, will be the set of rules which will result from the communication between the sub-committee and the various societies representing organised sport in other countries, which will to a large extent govern future Olympic games. Every competitor will be officially entered by the association controlling the particular sport in which he has been chosen to represent his country, and these entries will be limited.

The Olympic games were called into being ten years ago to encourage a generous athletic rivalry among the various nations which took part in them, and, at the same time, that more friendly feeling which comes from better acquaintance, and it is to be hoped that the Olympic games, if held in England, will in no degree, to say the least, fall short of those that have gone before.

THE BLOOD IN GOOD ORDER.

BLOOD is made from the food we eat, and purified by the air we breathe. It naturally follows that to eat good wholesome food and breathe pure air would ensure pure blood. There is another element, however, that enters in, and that is the casting out of waste material that renders the blood impure. This often is performed by the bowels, the kidneys, the skin, and the lungs. If, then, we would have pure blood, we must see that these organs are kept active. Breathe pure air night and day, being careful to have no clothing which in the least interferes with deep breathing. Eat simple food, use moderate quantity at regular times and absolutely nothing between times. Keep the skin active by bathing often, the kidneys active by drinking freely of pure water, and the bowels active by right food and exercise.

POISON IN THE CUP.

A CRUSADE AGAINST TEA DRINKERS.

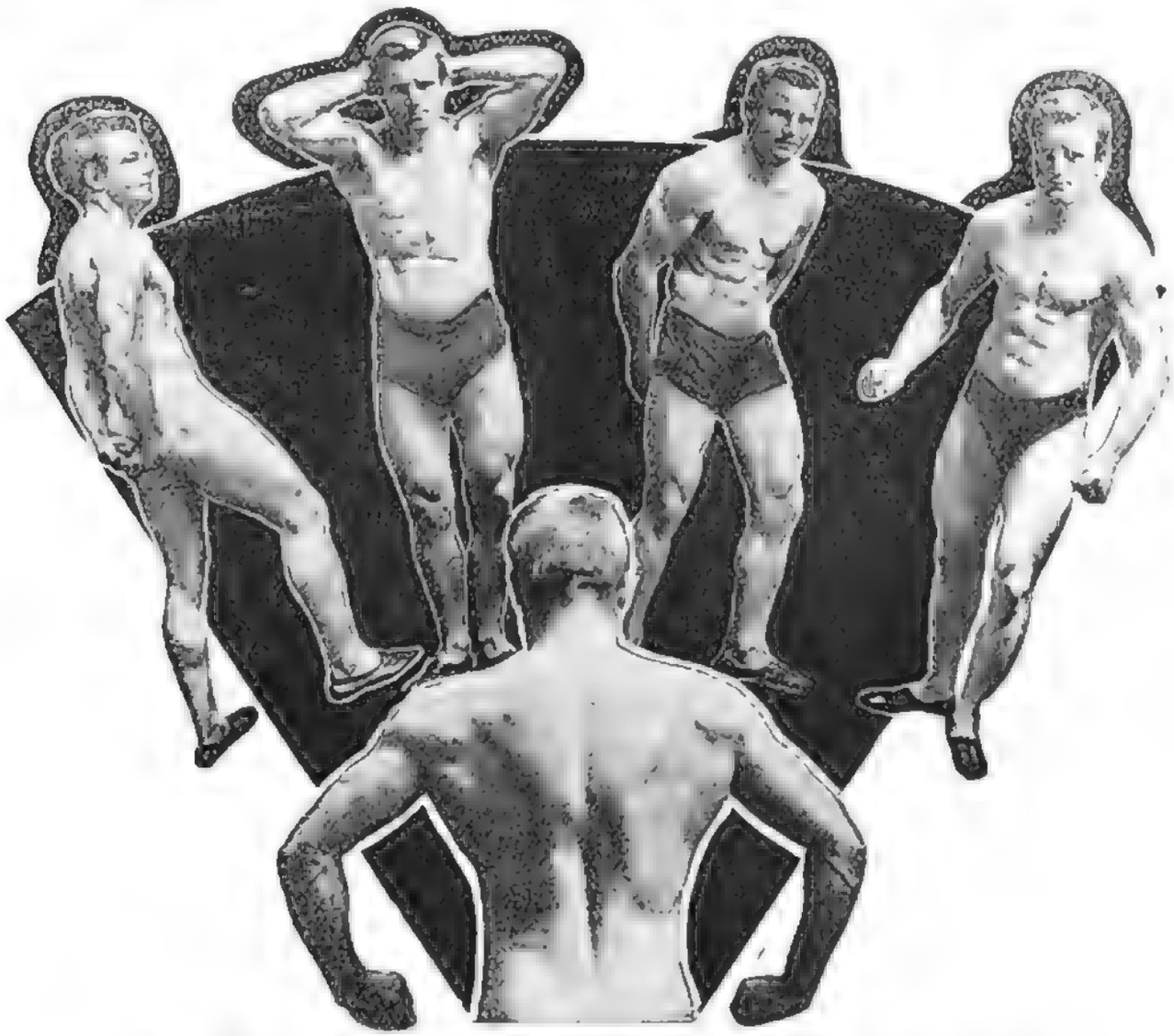
ARE we on the eve of a great campaign against tea drinking?

Judging by the numerous recent denunciations of tea and coffee drinking by physical culturists, medical men, diet specialists, and others, one would certainly draw an affirmative conclusion.

A well known physician, who is apparently rather strongly prejudiced against the drinking of tea and coffee, gave some startling information to a press representative. "Probably the most general and the most mischievous delusion of the civilised world at the present day is that which leads us to the nearly universal use of tea and coffee as common beverages. Nothing can be more erroneous than the impression that these drugs, for that is what they really are, are salutary in their effects when taken with our daily meals. There is no truth in science more completely proved than that both tea and coffee are among the most powerful poisons of the vegetable kingdom."

Dr. Allcott in his book on "Tea and Coffee," clearly and conclusively shows that these substances are active poisons. It is self-evident that when taken in any quantity they must be destructive to health and vigour.

The best advice I would give to those who cannot relinquish the habit of tea drinking and wish to reduce the damaging effects of the beverage to a minimum, is—avoid cheap teas, do not water the pot a second time, or allow the tea to remain standing long."



Poses of Mr. G. M. MARSHALL (New Zealand), a Sandow Gold Medallist.

SOMERSET'S NEW CAPTAIN.

At the annual meeting of the Somerset County Club L. C. H. Palairet, who was thought to have almost retired from first class cricket, was elected captain of the eleven, in succession to S. M. J. Woods and said that if he possibly could he would play in all matches next season. The accounts showed a loss on the year's working of about £900. The guarantors will be called upon to pay about half this sum, and it is hoped to clear off the remainder by means of a bazaar in the spring.

TOMMY O'CONNOR.

A Breezy Story of the American Running Path. **By Edward B. Bloss.**

McMURTHA sat under the trees in his yard at New Haven. He had done the day's work, and the evening had come. His coat was off and his sleeves rolled to the elbow, for although it was only the first part of April, the weather was the weather of summer. From his rustic chair he now looked away to the street, with its lanes of low elms, toward the river that still glowed in the sunset. As he enjoyed the scene and the hour, from force of habit he caught himself speculating how passers by might fare on the field or the track—at the hammer or shot, the jumps, the runs, and the hurdles. Some he watched more than curiously; they had the appearance, the physique, the eyes, that indicate the natural winner. At length he was too much with his thoughts to hear the click of the gate.

"Mr. McMurtha."

The trainer turned and peered under the trees. "Hello there!" he cried. "Come in." Then, as the visitor paused, he sprang to his feet. "Oh, never mind that; you're with me. How did you get here—ride or walk?"

"I walked from the railway station."

"And before that counted the sleepers out of Bridgeport." But with the laugh the speaker's face softened. "What's the trouble, Tommy? You're half starved—yes, you are. Go into the house and ask Mrs. McMurtha for something to eat."

"I ain't hungry, Mike; it's business. The blooming Englishmen 'll be here in September, and I'm thinking of training."

"You? You couldn't do a mile in five minutes."

"I ain't arguing me past—except I must have got tired. Sure, there's something in too many honours. Ain't the best of them beaten, and ain't it beating the best that's after making the champion? Help me, Mike. Send me to Travers."

McMurtha said nothing.

"You'll be proud of me deeds in September. The sweet cousins of Ireland won't win a first; I feel it. Begorrah, once an athlete never anything else. I'll be after two prizes meself."

The trainer showed no sign of relenting.

"It's not for me, Mike; for me mother—God bless her. I ain't got no girl but me mother, and I told her to smile and cheer up, things 'd be ripe in the autumn. I left her alone in the morning, Mike, the moon over me shoulder; but never a whimper from me till I was up by the holy of holies; I mean it was mass, and I was leaving me mother. Did you ever leave yours in the——"

"Tommy, if I could be sure."

"Thank you, Mike—Saint Michael, begorrah. I'm up, and away. No man ever lived but was after a slip of the laurel."

"And the other loves, you can let them alone?"

"There, rest like a baby. Never one look at the girls; you have me ceremonial promise."

"I'll trust you. Go get some soup into you and some meat on your bones. I'll see you in June."

And in the light that remained McMurtha gave Tommy a letter to Chairman Benjamin and Captain Badger, of the New York Athletic Club, and Tommy was off down the street.

"Poor little chap," muttered the other. "He's gone to the bad; but I'll try him. When he was good there was none better. Chins like his are the best. I'd like to see him again showing his heels to the world—we'll hope for luck—Tommy O'Conner."

So Tommy went to Travers Island and got soup into him and meat on his bones.

Across the water Glen Island began to hang out its flags and be lively. The steamboats, the chimes, the flowering gardens, the managerie, the buildings floating in bunting, were new things to him. It seemed the summer had never so beautifully started; he loved to go to Glen Island. Only it would have been perfect if the ladies and the men at the club had spoken to him.

In the midst of it all McMurtha dropped in from New Haven. The regular athletes had come. As yet there was little of training; but they had at first looked at Tommy with the interest in one who had been what few of them were or could be—champion.

The trainer's glance finally ran over the brown face and trim little figure before him. "Well, Tommy, are you good enough for your board?"

Anyone else would have got an answer as fair as the question; but this was Saint Michael.

"Sure, the son of Erin's preparing his armour; feel me legs. But, Mike, the whole place 'll kill me. Such women and airs; to loll and turn up their beautiful noses is their one occupation. Then Glen Island—me heart's yet racing with strange animation. 'Tis the girls hanging over the bridges and saying, 'Bring us the boat, you in the grey bathing suit.' Me grey bathing suit! Begorrah, they don't know a boot from a slipper. But such eyes and such cheeks. I'm human; who ain't?"

McMurtha regarded him closely.

"Oh, I'm getting along, Mike; Saint Patrick couldn't do better—but at an inconvenience stupendous and slaying."

"And the other things, Tommy?"

"Sleep easy again. 'Tis as nothing, and me at first with a thirst like slack tide in me whistle. Mike, I could have plunged and cavorted in liquor; but I remembered."

Tommy did. He was out on the track more than anyone else at the quarters. He saw speed around him, but his own held in abeyance, and without that he knew condition availed him but little. One week passed—another, another. McMurtha gave him a caution.

"This can't go on, Tommy. You're keeping men off the team every day—good men too."

"Show me one—just one, and I'll show you a better; that's meself. I feel me powers in me. The lightning 'll strike me."

"You must stand for a trial. If you fail ——"

"Sure," and with that Tommy smiled, "better to have trained at the Island and lost than never to have trained here at all."

"No, nonsense. You'll have to make good or clear out. Where are you going? Hold on."

"For me suit and me shoes; where do you think? Begorrah, I'm ready. I ask for me trial."

"He's game, anyway," muttered McMurtha; then he spoke up, "Well, I'll hold off a week."

Tommy worked on. The day of the trial with Wharton he grew more and more cheerful; but whenever the other appeared he was wonderfully cheerful. The men liked it; in athletics nerve measured their idea of greatness. Late in the afternoon the trainer arrived from the Manor.

"Look out for Wharton," he said.

"And have your weather eye for the finish."

"Then I'll have to be gazing out of the back of me head. And look careful yourself, Mike, or you won't see me for the cinders I propose to create."

The fellows tumbled out of the chairs on the porch and congregated under the oak in the oval. All was quiet for the little drama soon to be enacted in Westchester County. Tommy appeared on the hill, followed by Wharton proudly wearing his emblem.

"I guess Tommy's in for a licking," Bernie observed. "But he's had Wharton worried all right. Have you noticed how he's haunted and hung about him for days, always smiling?"

"Listen to that," cried Fitzpatrick.

"I'll warm up a trifle, my small friend," he was saying. "Then I'll settle you good. I can see you fading away."

"Sure, your eyes are without living equals; they've run away with your brains. You'll need a spy-glass to catch me."

"Mere words, Tommy; mere words."

"Not college words, me big friend. To the people's plain college I went. I fit there entirely. Consider that—me unequalled experience. In Ireland one morning, before you were thought of, I performed no less than a league by the mile stone, one half, two quarters, the same over and over, three hundreds—and I'm no sprinter, either. Begorrah, I'd still be in the poetry of motion if the whole population with loud cries hadn't run out to prevent me. As it went I took all the prizes they offered."

"Tommy, you're lying."

"Yes, Mike," he cried, as the other appeared from behind; "I felt at the time I was lying. But I did it only to keep from falling to sleep from his wild boastings and threats."

"Quit this. Get ready."

The fellows drew near as McMurtha got out the pistol. At the words the pair stepped to their marks, then were off with the flash; when, true to his instinct, Tommy darted for the inside position, and, holding it, swung into his stride.

"He's improved," commented the trainer. "Where did he get it? But notice Wharton; he's strong as a bull."

It was an earnest pace Tommy had set, and he was aggressive. Two yards behind came his rival. The next lap was reached without their altering places; so it was at the third.

"I'm afraid of Wharton," said the man with the pistol. "He's too big for Tommy. And now Tommy's tiring. Go it!" he shouted. "Where's your Irish?" Then with his hands to his mouth, "Keep it up, Wharton! Two laps more and you have it."

The latter had held in till the fifth time around to pass with a rush. Tommy responded, but he was working desperately now, and the face of the other betrayed a breath of a smile. A furlong farther on that smile died away. Tommy clung to his task, one foot behind; and thus they worked into the stretch, and before them the red yarn was strung between the white posts at the finish. Then something flashed in the air.

"Hard luck!" cried the crowd. "It's his shoe. All over with Tommy."

No. With one foot bare, limping, wobbling, Tommy kept at it, forged ahead, was over the line—stopped, smiled, toppled down on the grass.

McMurtha ran out and raised the drenched form, eased the shirt, patted the shoulders that trembled and heaved. "Fine, fine, little man! Tommy, my boy, you can stay on the Island for ever. How do you feel?"

"How do I feel? Begorrah, considerably better. There wasn't a thing but to do it. Tell Wharton I'm sorry. Mike, a week back I felt I was hit by the lightning. Three cheers for the Island, and bring on the English; the Irish are ready. Let me go—I ain't sick. Sure, I'm in error. I am." And with that he belied one of the statements.

Success, the great alterative, was what Tommy had needed. It became a case of condition—the athlete brimming with vigour, not tiring, hale, ruling a physical kingdom, longing to do what he must not; never doing, but longing. Now he was not so easy to manage, and McMurtha knew the talent would have to be humoured.

Tommy took on more and more speed. The newspapers no longer laughed at the "has been." Word flashed to the English to look out for one that was likely to win at their choice distance. Whether that, the plaudits, the flowers, there was a change. McMurtha grew worried.

"Who's the girl, Tommy?"

"It ain't that. I'm just tired. I need a bit of a rest. I—Mike, I'm lying. 'Tis one of the girls in the Manor; Gertrude's her name, and her old man ain't got a penny. Sure, we'll have to support one another. And the best of it is she ain't Irish."

"You must cut it out, Tommy. There's less than a month to the games."

"Cut out me sunshine—me joys—me existence? I—I'll try, Mike."

Perhaps he did try; but the thing could not be concealed. He became sentimental; in an athlete perhaps the least reassuring. At length, with tears in his eyes, he complained:

"Oh, Mike! consider me troubles; do it, or watch for me lamentations and death. I—I wouldn't cared for any American—even a German; but an Irishman, one of me own country. Mike, it's Fitzpatrick. He—he can go with her—sure, a little; but if he tries for her loving affections——"

"Don't get thin over it, Tommy. I'll settle Fitzpatrick."

"If you don't, begorrah, I will."

For all that, still there was pining. For hours Tommy used to sit on the edge of his bed and say nothing, and the English seemed to be in the beautiful background. The trainer looked for Fitzpatrick.

"What do you know? Does the girl care anything for Tommy?"

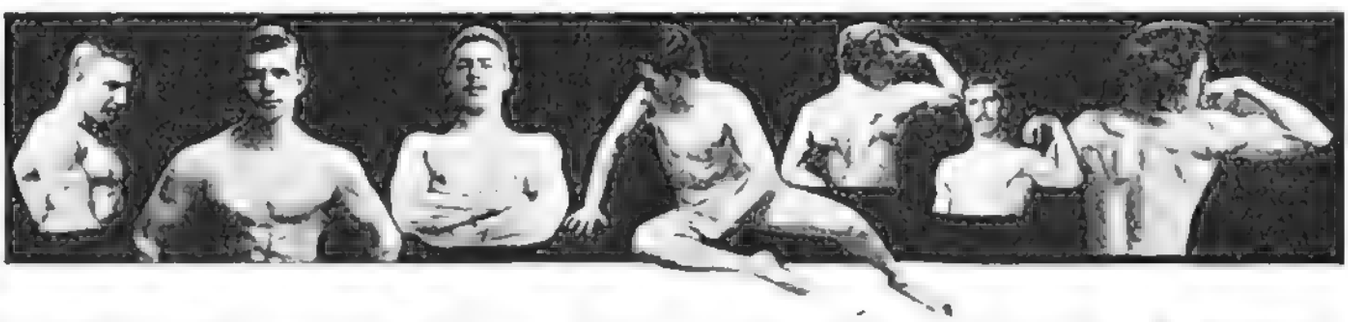
"Yes—and no. And I like her myself," said Fitzpatrick.

"It's getting complex," said the other. "I'll have to call on the lady herself. I'm afraid," he thought, "Tommy's proposed, and the little flirt's dished him."

In the light of what happened this may have been true. One night nine o'clock came, still no Tommy. Lanterns flashed over the Island. McMurtha boarded a train for the city, and returned empty handed. He walked restlessly up and down, waiting. After midnight a figure passed the lodge at the entrance—Tommy limping, laughing, plethoric with spirits.

"Hello, Mike! I thought it was you. Get them together—the lords of creation, the unspeakable English; I'll beat them, begorrah, in the bit of an egg glass."

ANOTHER SANDOW GROUP.



S. A. Dickson, Glasgow. W. Greenhalgh, Accrington. A. Gazey, Coventry. G. Dupair, Sydney. H. Blackhouse, Leeds. A. J. Gornall, Leeds. W. Sumersby.

"You get to bed and jump lively. I'll see you to-morrow." And in the morning the trainer was dangerous as he searched for Fitzpatrick. "Tell me all about this," he demanded.

"Only what they all say. They found Tommy last night on Lexington Avenue under a waggon."

"I don't care where he was. How did he get there? Who's been taking him out—some friends of the English? What else do you know? Out with it now—like a man."

But Fitzpatrick met the straight glance of the other.

"Of course not, Fitz—of course not. But it riles me—and you and Tommy have the same girl. The little beggar, I've warmed him too well. I can't fire him off the Island. I need him."

When Tommy appeared he was different. He kept his hat over his eyes, and he moved around without purpose. Late in the afternoon he began to follow McMurtha.

"Oh, Mike!" he cried; "how could I do it? I'll train three times a day; I'll make up for it. What else can I do?"

"Go to Jack at the boathouse and get a good rub."

Half an hour afterward the penitent slowly walked up the track, his suit and shoes in a bundle under his arm. He turned off toward the exit.

"Here—here!" called McMurtha.

"No, Mike, it's all over. I've broken me promise. I've done what I hadn't the Pope's dispensation. I'm disgraced. Me heart's torn and cruelly mangled. I ask but to perish. Send me back to New York. I belong under the waggon."

"You undo that bundle and——"

"No more Gertrude and Tommy. Me nerve's spent—I mourn. Where would you be if you lost your own loving wife? Me girl's deserted me, Mike, and don't I love her better than man ever loved woman? Oh, I could fly to her bosom with pleasure—I'll have to nail me feet to the floor to prevent me. Who's this interloper?"

Fitzpatrick advanced over the green. He had something at the sight of which Tommy turned away with a grimace.

"Here's his medals, Mike. Last night he passed them around on the train. The conductor got them and gave them to me; he knows Tommy."

"Confound him! He has nothing but friends on the Island, from the President down. There isn't a servant but would lay down his life for the lad. Here, hand them to me."

As the other walked off Tommy returned. "You may have them, Mike—all of them. What are the base trinkets to me? What if I sit sparkling among me medals and cups, and me breast covered over with trophies? I don't win the prize of all prizes. Oh, Mike! won't you help me again?"

The trainer did not help Tommy then; he kept him anxious—as Tommy kept him. The favourite had lost something. In five hours he had undone, as far as any one knew, what it had taken him five months to work to. He was down fine; the least push would spoil him. A shadow fell over the Island. But there was one who did not worry for that.

"I'll do it—I'll do the trick," he said over and over.

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Training was ended. It was the day of the games—almost the hottest one of the fall. The team felt the weather long before they got to the depot and threw their valises aboard. They were fit and impatient. McMurtha had tried to collect under one emblem the best men in the world at that time, and he had taught them their duty. But there was nothing certain of Tommy, who had ceased to ask for his girl and spoke no more to Fitzpatrick. He now sat apart from the rest. On the way to the city his mouth never opened; at 155th Street he began to awaken.

"I'm feeling fine, Mike. I'm a winner this day."

When they passed through the wicket at Manhattan Field, he saw with new

emotion the crowd that filled the long bridge.

"Sure, there's a million up there," he exclaimed, "and they're waiting for me. It's worth it I am. Next year I'll have me upholstered seat in the grandstand, with me pipe in me mouth, explaining me deeds of prowess this day."

The trainer did not reply; for Tommy's sake and the sake of his country he hoped so. He led the way at once to the little red club-house at the edge of the track.

The competitors began to throw off their clothes; visitors were invited out of the quarters; but from time to time the officials of the day, the reporters, old stagers afield or afloat, dropped in to talk easily and wisely of athletics. Now the hour approached, and faces commenced taking on the indescribable expression. The games started. Over the green rippled the waves of excitement. The cheering was high and tumultuous and proud. So finally Tommy was called.

"Remember the night at New Haven," whispered McMurtha. "Get on your mark, grit your teeth, and run like the son of a gun."

"I'll remember it, Mike, and more too." And Tommy stood forth, fresh after his rub, in his new suit immaculate, save for the red trimmings and the mercury foot on the breast. Then he was away to the post.

"Perhaps he will do it," muttered the trainer. "He's the favourite all right. Hear his welcome."

All gazes were bent on the diminutive Irishman. He had scarcely looked up at the thunderous greeting, and with lowered eyes took his place with the others. To be fair to McMurtha, that may have kept him doggedly there. He waited the crack of the pistol. That was all the waiting he did do, for with a spring he was off in the lead. He knew what to do, and he knew how to do it. Set backs counted for nothing. His burdens he left behind with his rivals; farther and farther, through the applause, past the benches black and nodding with people; stretch after stretch, without change or pausing. Another time round and all would be ended. From the red house the fellows watched him with wonder; even as they asked each other if he could last to the finish he went on the faster. The trainer—without hat, in his shirt sleeves—was glad, astonished, dismayed.

"Ease up! You can't lose. Do you hear me? Save yourself for the three. Slow down there."

Tommy replied with a smile and went only the faster. Such a pace must be fatal to hopes of repeating a race. On McMurtha and the others it dawned what Tommy intended to do; and he was now on the back curve and could not be checked. For proudly, defiantly, with a flourish of speed, he dashed down the hundred and breasted the yarn—a wonderful winner.

He had made good. They might say what they wished, he had done it. There was some comfort in that. He walked over and took up his sweater, his lips close together.

"It's the record, Tommy—the record."

"Sure, what did I run for—for pleasure?"

And, as he turned toward the club-house, heedless of cheer and confusion, several pursued him and grabbed him. "What you trying to celebrate?" he cried, tearing away. "Let me alone—I say, let me be."

McMurtha appeared—excited, overjoyed, frightened. Tommy said not a word. He walked over and gazed out of the window.

"Sit down," said the trainer. "Rest yourself for the three."

"The three? Not for a million. Run? I can't lift me hand to me head, I'm shaky. Easy, Jack, with me rub. Then give me me clothes. I'll go out to me triumph. I see faces I want to see nearer."

"For God's sake, Tommy, lie down! You won't have the strength for a lap—and there's a dozen of them."

"Begorrah, what do you ask for? A man's but a man, Mike. I'm clean exhausted."

"You're afraid."

"Call it any amiable name—who'll believe you?"

"But your mother—you told her things would be ripe in the——"

"Oh, me mother. Sure, the blight's carried off part of the crop. Me poor mother—and Gertrude. Oh, Mike, Mike, how could she? I'm the only thing in athletics this day—and where be my friends? Think of me record!"

"Well, confound you, you're not the only one! Do you hear that? The rest are smashing the records. There's Bernie, there's the Rubber Ball, Fitzpatrick——"

"What's that?"

"It's one apiece now. You'll break even."

"Even? Give me me shoes—ten sizes too tiny, with me feet as big as a barrel. I'll put it over me rival—with me dying breath I'll contrive it. Sure, Mike, I was fooling. All the time I was after two prizes."

"First call for the three mile," shouted the clerk of the course.

"Coming, Tommy O'Connor, coming—coming!"

He was up stamping his feet. The trainer laid his hands on the moist shoulders.

"My boy, I trust you again. You must do it. They're all looking at you; they're delighted."

"Don't I know it? And, sure, they'll not give up to despair when they see me second performance."

Fitzpatrick strained his glance toward the grandstand. "Score one for the English, Thomas O'Connor defeated," he said to himself, with a smile.

"Where's Mr. Bartow," asked McMurtha. And he was gone too.

Again the runners were off; the last event on the programme—a clean sweep till then, and from Tommy the people expected the last; and there was only fear in the red house. But this time Tommy did not spring to the lead. There were fresh men against him, and they made the pace; but he meant to see it out to the finish and settled deliberately into his stride. A groan came from the benches, cries from the bridge. Tommy was spoiling it all. It would have been better for him to stay in the quarters. The power was gone from his legs; he was tired and done for.

"Get into it, Tommy!" yelled the fellows. "You're all right."

"Think of your girl!" shouted McMurtha.

At the words Tommy lifted his head, struck out for a moment, faltered, dropped into his former position. It was too evident now. The people no longer hoped against hope; they were disappointed.

Around and around sped the runners Two miles were over. McMurtha was still frantically moving in and out among the officials. He stopped all at once. He had found Mr. Bartow, who handed him something, and the other was over into the grandstand, back again, trailing along with the straggler.

"Look, Tommy—look! The grandstand there—the front seat—above the reporters—in the new dress. Look, I tell you—the green dress there—something else. It's your girl, Gertrude. Three laps to win. Go in for Gertrude!"

Tommy turned—tired, bewildered, misunderstood Tommy. He stared—and he started; a new light in his eyes—a strange light; mad, terrible, joyful. He shook himself like a man from a dream. He began to do it for Gertrude. Again the crowd noticed, wondered, measured the distance. Too late. He could not do it—no one could do it.

"What's happened? They seem to be fagging out—except Tommy."

"What's happened?" McMurtha spoke hoarsely. "Everything! D'you see that green skirt in the grandstand? It's his girl's—Gertrude. D'you see what she has at her waist? His medals made into a belt. Fagging! Not Tommy."

"But can he tell she is there?" asked a governor, excitedly watching. "How can he tell her?"

The other laughed wildly. "If he was running ten races he'd tell her—tell all about her. You don't know Tommy. Now he's sprinting. It beats me. How does he do it?"

"A thousand to him if he wins!"

"Done!" And the trainer was at the track shouting to Tommy.

But Tommy is not after the money. Steadily—up, up, up, he is coming. He passes the other American; he is after the leaders. They hear and answer his challenge. Two laps more—only two.

Steadily—up, up, up, he keeps on, through the heat, the gathering dusk, the silence everywhere fallen. The people spring up as he passes, arms and legs working in torture, but working. Thousands begin to feel hopeful. They see a face that is set and exultant—something else; a jaw that is the jaw of a fighter.

Steadily—up, up, up, he comes on and on, never faltering, striving—the eyes that for once turned to the grandstand now straight before him. He is nearer and nearer; he is even; and even all press into the stretch, struggling and straining.

What is that which flashes? Some one—a girl, all in green and a belt that is splendid. She is waving and calling. She is over the seats—on the track—at the finish; all seem to know why, and their glances, for a moment diverted, run to where the desperate figures work on—tottering, swaying.

But one is worse than the others. Is he falling? Perhaps—but now he looks forward and sees her—and he calls on himself for the effort. Can he do it? Can he? His fatigue and condition as nothing, he pulls to the lead; he has it. He totters and sways, but he has it—a little—more and more; he will never give in; he will die first—he crosses, the winner!

Up go the cheers. The crowd break down from the benches, catching him up, higher and higher; and on the shoulders of those who have never done it before, he is borne to the quarters and triumphantly landed, amid tremendous cheers and excitement: a hero.

"Where's me girl?"

"Put it there—and again!" shouted McMurtha. "Tommy, I love you. Your girl? She's waiting. Come in and get dressed, then hustle out to the thanks of the great American people."

"Sure, I'll be less than a second; tell her that. She's me girl—a great one. Who has a better? Without her, begorrah, I couldn't have done it. Cable me mother, things 'll be ripe in the autumn. Say I'm coming home with me bride."

DISEASE AND CRIME.

By a Glasgow Reader.

[*The recent remarkable manslaughter case in which Mr. Justice Grantham laid it down that fear was a crime, or at least a cause of crime, will give the following article a topical interest. That fear is really a disease, the result of poor physical health, is now admitted, and the writer here shows the close affinity between crime and ill-health.*—The Editor.]

WE may not inherit a legacy of crime from our forefathers, but unquestionably we inherit their diseases, and the connection between disease and crime is dangerously close. Where one is the other is liable to be not far off. If disease does not actually bring crime forth, it creates tendencies and aptitudes which favour its growth. It degenerates the body, weakens the system, enfeebles the mental powers and makes the will less capable of resistance. It thus happens that physical degeneracy is closely allied to vice.

This accounts for the fact that a large percentage of the criminal population is drawn from those whose parents are or were affected with physical or mental maladies. In England, the mortality among the inmates of prisons is nearly twice as large as that among the members of the community at large, plainly pointing to the fact that the former are not so strong and rugged as the rest of the population. At an examination some time ago, 25 per cent. of the prisoners in one prison were found to be the descendants of drunken parents.

How can this close union between bodily ailments, which may be inherited, and evil doing, which cannot be inherited, be accounted for? Plainly on the grounds that disease lessens the moral energy to such a degree that the will has not the resisting strength to withstand temptation. Consumption, madness, epilepsy, many kinds of nervous complaints, etc., are hereditary, and the effects which they produce on the moral personnel are very great. There are said to be 22,000 known epileptics at large in the British Islands, and the number of those who are afflicted with other congenital infirmities must be proportionately great. Those who thus suffer are not morally wrong. They have not the mental calibre to see the right, and have little strength to do it. They have inherited a proneness to evil, inasmuch as their physical or mental ailments cloud their moral sensibility, make them irritable, inclined to anger, suspicious, impulsive, easily discouraged, incapable of looking on the bright side of life, and possibly dissatisfied with existence, all which hurry them on to wrong doing, even to self-destruction. It is now conceded that suicide arising from a species of madness is a hereditary taint.

It may also happen that the force of many natural characteristics which find their origin in impaired systems is too strong for the will to control. Vanity will lead the soul into the most peculiar excesses; melancholia throws a black pall on life and originates the darkest schemes and undertakings; an uneven disposition can hardly escape fighting, quarrelling, and all kinds of unpleasant entanglements; a nervous temperament finds nothing more congenial than complaining, fault-finding, and unwarranted criticism. Think of the results which follow from that poorly adjusted mechanism of the

brain called "bad judgment." One turn is given, it is decisive; the possessor's whole career is changed. He is always doing things wrong, never doing them right, always taking fatal steps. He may be fit to hold the most useful and honourable positions, but his bad judgment lands him into dangerous and disreputable situations. Then the stress of circumstances is greater than he can bear.

In this way many natural characteristics push the mind into the evil current, which bears him swiftly on. It is well known too, that non-hereditary bodily ailments, such as sicknesses of various kinds, are productive of the same results. A bed of sickness is ill-suited to nourish the plant of virtue. In other words, a healthy constitution is the best safeguard of a virtuous life. It may be shown that innate qualities which are generally ennobling, are often, on account of their excessive inherent force, incentives to the greatest evils. A brilliant imagination may in some instances picture unreal situations, a deep sense of honour may lead to violence and murder, and a love of justice, put into motion by reflection on the wrongs sustained by a community or section of it, will hurry the possessor and all over whom he has any influence into insurrection and revolt. The latter is the case with mostly all political criminals. Success makes them patriots, failure converts them into despised criminals.

In the light of these considerations no one can doubt that the connection between disease and crime is very close. Crime is not a disease. There is absolutely no proof to show that it is, but an abnormal constitution is conducive to undesirable acts. It is full of sadness, sad to think that we are so intimately joined to others that we cannot escape their misfortunes. Many of us are bound to the past by ties that cannot be severed, and are storing up evil legacies to transmit to future generations. But the picture has a bright side as well as a dark one. If we receive ancestral defections, which discourage virtue, we also receive those sterling qualities which make goodness and worth possible. On the whole, the latter counterbalance the former, and when augmented by God's sustaining grace, exert a decided superiority. To the agency of Divine help must be attributed the existence of some of the most sublime forms of moral beauty in the persons of many who, if left to their own natural strength, would betray the hideousness of evil.

The Worship of Biceps.

Should we Kill off the Physically Unfit?

By T. J. Cox.

[*In a recent issue, we reproduced the gist of an article by Professor Flinders Petrie, in the "London Evening News," in favour of "weeding out the unfit" as the sole guarantee of national progress. In the following article, for the same paper, Mr. T. J. Cox, the distinguished novelist, opposes the contention with equal vigour.*—THE EDITOR].

THE counsel to ruthlessly weed out the unfit in the community which Professor Flinders Petrie recently gave us in these columns has the conspicuous merit of being logical, at any rate within its own limits. It is, indeed, so obvious a suggestion that we are rather surprised we have not heard more of it before this. It springs directly out of an acceptance of the Darwinian doctrine of natural selection, and as that doctrine was promulgated some fifty years ago, Professor Petrie is somewhat belated in advancing a proposition which is so inevitable a corollary of the Darwinian theory of life.

But, though logical, the Professor is not thorough. He seems half afraid of the drastic procedure which he advocates. "Weed out the unfit," he cries, but he does not tell us how the process is to be accomplished. The restriction of the marriage of undesirables is one way, of course, but it would be a slow method, and one frequently difficult of enforcement. The shorter, sharper course

would be to take a leaf out of the laws of old Sparta, and expose all our puny infants on the bleak mountain-side to perish. If Professor Petrie's reasoning is sound, the Government should at once be urgently exhorted to set up lethal chambers for the reception of the halt, the weakly, and the diseased.

THE IDEAL COMMONWEALTH.

In the mind's eye I see arise the ideal commonwealth which Professor Flinders Petrie must have in view. Therein every humane municipality will regard its chamber of extinction with watchful care and pride. The supply of hospitals will be largely curtailed, for, under the new regime, only the accident wards will be required. There will be no attempt to prolong the lives of unfortunate fellow creatures afflicted with incurable maladies. Nor will there be any necessity for us to dip our hands into our pockets in order to support effete asylums for the accommodation of those who, in Lord Rosebery's picturesque phrase, are "intellectually dead." Through the streets of the new city will walk men and women, buoyant of step and sound in wind and limb, the ruddy tints of health perpetually on their cheeks. And the finest service a citizen can render to the commonwealth will be the development of a pair of biceps which Mr. Sandow himself might envy.

Such a picture is suggestive and scientific, but hardly satisfying. There is an element of brutality about it which repels. It would have pleased the uncompromising scientific materialists of the mid-Victorian days, no doubt, but the present age is out of touch with their teaching. The trend of modern thought is not in the direction of regarding man merely as a piece of physical mechanism. We feel that he is something more—that he has faculties, and sentiments, and emotions, which it is necessary to cultivate equally with muscle and thew. And surely one of the most valuable of all the instincts of his complex being is that which prompts him to care for the weak and the maimed. It is valuable because it leads to the strengthening and sweetening of character.

SCIENCE OR SENTIMENT?

Let it not be thought that the altruist is of necessity an idle sentimentalist. So far from that, he approaches the problem in quite as scientific a spirit as Professor Petrie. He is heartily in accord with any sound measures that may be mooted to prevent the reproduction of the unfit. But when once a man is born into the world, he fearlessly asserts that man's right to live. The sanctity of human life is the central pivot of his creed.

Are we not scientific also in asking for a definition of the term "unfit?" Physical fitness surely is not all. A hundred instances immediately spring to recollection of the sound mind in the unsound body. If we had imitated the Spartans, how many geniuses we might have sacrificed. Alexander Pope, with his weakly, crooked body, would have gone for a certainty, and so, too, would poor John Keats. Neither are we sure that Byron would have succeeded in passing muster. No nation is so rich in geniuses that it can afford to sacrifice the possible supply on the altar of a crazed worship of physical stamina.

The blame of arresting what he calls "the great weeding power of Nature," Professor Petrie lays at the door of Socialism, which is already encumbered with many other charges. I should refer it to a much higher source—to Christianity itself, in fact. He cites the parable of the Talents as lending support to his argument. But does not the parable of the Good Samaritan apply even more cogently on the other side? And would a nation, however robust physically, grow in real strength of character if it deliberately killed the spirit which prompts our doctors and nurses to risk their lives in noisome atmospheres, tending hopelessly afflicted people who are of no possible scientific value to the State—the spirit which sent Father Damien to a living death in the lazarettos of the South Seas?

LLAMAS are the chief beasts of burden in Central Peru, the usual load for each animal being about 100 pounds. If you put upon his back more than he can easily carry, he simply kneels down, and will not move until the load is lessened.

READERS' CLUB.

President - - EUGEN SANDOW.

Motto:—One may help Many.

For the exchange of Ideas, Personal Experiences and Photos for the encouragement of Club Members.

Every Reader of "Sandow's Magazine" is a candidate for Club Membership.

Members are expected to act up to the Club Motto, and the President will award the Club Fellowship Medal to those Readers who qualify for its possession by

(1) Contributing a letter or experience worthy of publication, and by

(2) Introducing this magazine and advocating Physical Culture, to not less than fifty friends and acquaintances. To secure the Medal the qualifying Reader must send in the names and addresses of the fifty to whom the copies have been distributed, together with a "cutting" of the published "Letter," bearing date of issue, as well as stamp for postage of the Medal.

The fifty specimen copies are supplied free and carriage paid to qualifying members. In the case of foreign and colonial Readers, the sending of fifty names and addresses will be considered as entitling to the Medal.

No medal will be sent unless application is made.

Fruit as a Diet.

As I have so often said in these columns, I am no believer in food fads, my contention being that a healthy stomach should be able to cope with any common sense diet. Still, I am always willing to hear the views of others, and to accord them publicity in these columns. I am pleased, therefore, to insert the following letter from a member of the Club, Mr. R. C. Bilton, of York, referring to Professor Flint's recent article on fruit as a food.

I certainly agree, he writes, that the value of fruit as food is very much exaggerated, but I should like to have his authority for implying that vegetarians live principally on fruit. The opinion of the secretary of the Vegetarian Society is well known to be against fruit eating at meal times. Personally I have been a vegetarian strictly some six years, and have never had a day's illness. My diet is principally nut foods. I never eat fruit at all, and I consider my health is as near perfect as I can make it. Flesh food is 50 per cent. water, and filthy water too.

I thoroughly agree with my correspondent that nuts are very wholesome and sustaining, but to many they are exceedingly difficult of digestion. The matter, however, is one in which a person's own judgment and experience are the best guides. I shall be glad to hear the views of other Club members on the subject.—THE PRESIDENT.

"Chortles in His Joy."

Walthamstow.

SIR,—In reference to your article in a recent number of the magazine on "Sandowism," I am delighted that your correspondent has called general attention to the subject. I have always maintained, when conversing about physical development, and trying to gain converts to the cause, that "Sandowism" (I have always used the term) is THE system, the system of genuine development untrammelled by fads, and I have most religiously referred to its votaries as Sandowites. It is absolutely necessary to distinguish between the natural development as taught by a "master," and the abnormal of quacks and fakirs. It enables one to answer specifically questions raising general principles, and the development obtained by following THE system forms a valuable object lesson in support of the cause.

Why should not the system be known as "Sandowism" and the disciples "Sandowites?" It is done individually; why not collectively?

I would now acknowledge with gratitude benefits personally received from THE system.

After only six months' use I find my digestion has shown a marked improvement; weight has increased a little, muscles show a decided development; a gradual gaining in general strength;

the power of concentration is greater. But what appeals most to me is the chest and lung development, which is very marked. I have never been so free from colds as in the last six months; this is in itself sufficient to ensure faithful adherence to the teachings of "Sandowism."

It was a "grind" at first, as I was considerably under developed; but now there is a "grip" with the exercises which infuses a constant pleasure therein, and makes one feel as it is sung of "The Village Blacksmith," able to "look the whole world in the face."

W. J. LIPSCOMBE.

Soldier's Good Service.

Cawnpore, India.

SIR,—Being a member of your Readers' Club, I should like to bring to your notice an instance of how I recently made your motto, "One may help many," practical. In the annual regimental gymnastic course (which only lasts fifteen days) it is a common sight to see men unable to perform the exercises set for them by the instructor. I concluded that this was due to the mechanical way in which they use the dumb-bells, thereby deriving little or no benefit from them. By way of an experiment, I selected a few men who I knew would work willingly, and commenced to instruct them under your system for fifteen days. My class commenced at the same time as the regimental course, and on the fifteenth day I got my men to do the same work as was set for the others. I was delighted to note, that not only were they stronger than the others, but also that they had that elastic step and braced-up appearance which is sometimes characterised as being "fit." My "class," which still continues under your system, has since grown in numbers, and it is as much pleasure to me to instruct them as it is for them to note their improved physique. I believe they were influenced a good deal by seeing you when you were at Cawnpore. Personally, I have been recommended to become a gymnastic instructor. If I ever have the opportunity I have determined to supplant the ordinary dumb-bells with their mechanical method, by your patent grip dumb-bell with its concentrating method.

LANCE-CORP. B. PAGE.
1st Somerset L.I.

For "Knock-Knees."

Regina, Sask., Canada.

SIR,—I am writing this in the hope that I may prove of some use to many who are what is generally called "knock-kneed."

In a recent letter I believe some one asked for a cure for knock-knees. Now I have frequently noticed that almost *all* knock-kneed persons are extremely flat between the legs inside the thighs.

In such cases cure is impossible with regard to the actual formation of the femur and the bones of the lower leg (above 25 years). Therefore the only way to alter the state of things is to look for some other method which, if it does not cure, at least alters the shape of the leg and brings it nearer the normal shape. The following exercise I know will do what I say.

1. The usual squatting exercises in order to thoroughly exercise the *rastus internus* (cyclist muscles, for the benefit of tyros, inside and just above knee). Besides squats, the culturist might bend knees and then straighten, contracting hard, and paying particular attention to the *rastus internus*.

2. Stand on one leg with other knee up in line with hip, foot hanging. Now alternately straighten and hang lower leg, keeping thigh out (change to other leg).

3. From above position, leg straight out, bring it down and back to rear, try to fetch it well up behind (continue).

4. (Important). From attention take a step of six or nine inches; now bend the knee and contract it hard. Movement, try to bring the thighs together; do not move the feet. Continue till slightly tired. Be sure to bend and contract knees tightly, for if loose it may have the opposite effects to those intended.

This exercise may be made more complete by altering position now and again. For instance, turn slightly to right, left foot slightly to rear. Now try to bring left leg up to right. Keep feet firm.

5. Finish these exercises with some movements for calves and *tibias anticus* (front of leg). Now, sir, no doubt you see the reason of these exercises. The dipping works and develops the *rastus internus*, and the fourth brings strongly into play the *rectus femoris, tartorius, gracillis*, in fact all the muscles situated inside the thigh and in that vicinity.

All the exercises mentioned are good for all round leg development, but if the man with K or knock-knees develops the above it will considerably improve the contours of his leg, and I advise him to try these exercises, especially the first and fourth.—FRANK E. DORCHESTER.

"Blacking" and "Polishing."

Aldershot.

SIR,—I think it my duty to let you know the many benefits I have received from your system of physical culture. I was introduced to your system by one of my comrades, who prides himself on being a member of your Readers' Club, and who has been the means of helping several of his comrades on the road to health and strength. I have now been working on your system for about eighteen months, and I can honestly say I am much stronger, healthier, heavier, and better proportioned, and my comrades all express surprise at the difference in me. I can safely say that your dumb-bells and developers, if used as laid down by you, work miracles. I can also highly recommend your magic cold bath, which I never fail to indulge in after I have finished work. I look upon your exercises as the blacking of a boot and the cold bath as the polishing of same. Many of my comrades have taken up your system of training and we have quite a number of Sandow enthusiasts in the regiment, thanks to Corporal Springett.

(Lance-Corporal) H. CHAPMAN,
1st D.C.L.I.

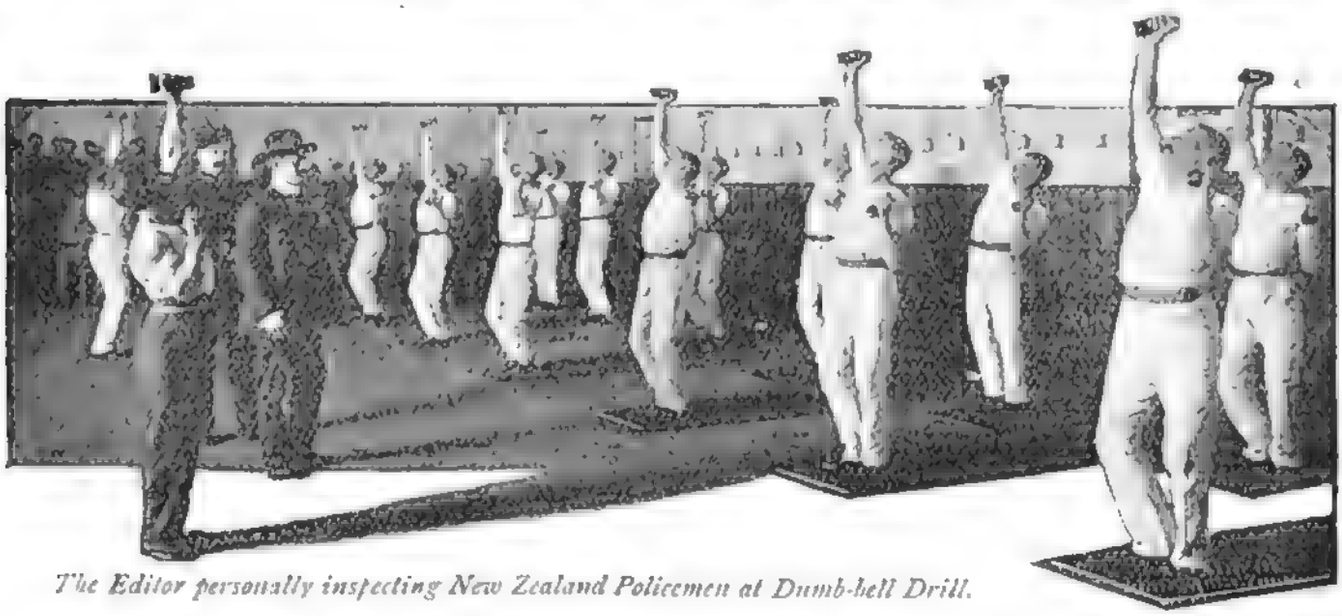
A Schoolboy's Reward.

Aberystwyth.

SIR,—In consequence of the help obtained from the pages of SANDOW'S MAGAZINE, and from carrying on my exercises through thick and thin in my schooldays, I beg to thank you most heartily. I used to be subject to violent headaches and often suffered from a total inability to study, but thanks to the timely appearance of SANDOW'S MAGAZINE I commenced to go through dumb-bell exercises, to take long healthy walks, and to partake to a greater extent than hitherto in school games.

I have had my reward. My health has improved, and I have become more fit generally. I am stronger and broader, and hope by continuing your exercises to become a fairly strong man. I have succeeded in proving that "one may help many" by inducing several of my friends to take up physical culture with excellent results.

E. WILLIAMS.



The Editor personally inspecting New Zealand Policemen at Dumb-bell Drill.

A Splendid Record.

Dartford.

SIR,—I have been a constant reader of your magazine for this last twelve months, and have been following up the hints I have read in it. I started my gymnastic life at Lowestoft about the age of twelve, worked hard day and night, and it was my one aim to be what I am now—an instructor. I was instructor at the Y.M.C.A. and also captain at K.F.A.C., at Lowestoft. That's where I first started using Sandow's chest expander and dumb-bells, and I have been using them ever since. I am now instructor at St. Vincent's Industrial School, Dartford, where I am giving the boys what I have been through myself—Sandow's physical culture. I might say that I have wrestled A. H. Manby, heavy-weight champion of South of England, also C. Green, of North of England. I won the championship of Dartford for wrestling and weight lifting when Mr. Alf. Bery presented me with medal. I also won weight lifting at Lowestoft and was presented with medal by Luis Hardt, whose photo appeared in SANDOW'S MAGAZINE for last August.

(Instructor) S. C. HOWARD.

Photo of Instructor Howard appears on page 771.—THE PRESIDENT.

Indigestion Cured.

Brechin, N.B.

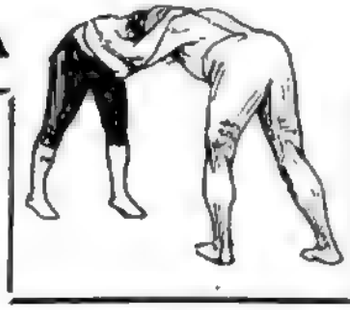
SIR,—It gives me great pleasure to write this letter to tell you and readers of the magazine the benefits I have derived from physical culture. Before I started your system of physical culture I was very much bothered with rheumatism, indigestion, and dizziness. But since I have gone in for your dumb-bell exercises I have never been bothered with these troubles. I am sure that it is physical culture that has done it. I have been a reader of your magazine since I started, and I think it is getting better and better every week as it comes out. I hand it round to a few of my friends after I read it. I have also got a few of them to start physical culture just by giving them your excellent magazine to read.

ANDREW DAKERS.

Symmetrical Scots.

MR. H. SPIERS, joint secretary of the Glasgow Health Culture Society, points out that the object of the Society is to promote a knowledge of the natural means by which health may be attained and retained, and that they do not believe in striving for abnormal development in certain parts of the body. They seek, rather, to cultivate by regular and judicious exercise, combined with certain other simple and natural methods, an all-round symmetry of the body, not so much for mere physical strength as for the high degree of health which results.

IN THE ARENA OF SPORT.



AMATEUR BOXING.

At the annual general meeting of the Amateur Boxing Association, it was proposed that a new competition at 7st. 10lb. be added to the annual championship events, but the motion was lost, though only by one vote. It was announced that several Australian boxers would take part in the championships next spring. A profit of just over £384 was made out of the last meeting, and of this a sum of £50 was voted to the *Referee* Children's Dinner Fund. The next championship meeting will be held in the Alexandra Palace on March 27th, 1907.

MR. CARDEN ON "RECORDS."

Mr. Carden, the Africans' manager, says that having their line crossed in their first few matches does a side good. In his report to his Union he said—with reference to the fact that E. W. Roberts had been the first man to score a try against the "Bokken"—"We, the committee, are really relieved that the line has been crossed. It was noticeable that the men were becoming imbued with over-anxiety to avert a single try, with the consequence that our line had often been in needless jeopardy through forwards imagining it their duty to do the back work defence near our line; you will readily understand that a nervous fumbling result was arrived at. After much talking to and Roberts' try this sort of thing has been dropped."

"THERE ARE OTHERS."

One could pick a very fair cricket eleven from the following players who have been seen on the football field this season: G. N. Foster (Oxford University), A. P. Day (Casuals), R. A. Young (Corinthians), F. J. V. Hopley (Old Harrovians), F. H. Mugliston (Cambridge University), F. H. B. Champain (Cheltenham), A. O. Jones (Leicester), C. P. Buckenham (Clapton), George (Aston Villa), Sharp (Everton), Needham (Sheffield United), Warren (Derby County), Wilkinson (Sheffield United), Makepeace (Everton) and Ducat (Woolwich Arsenal).

FOOTBALLER-GOLFERS.

It has been suggested, says the *Daily Express*, that Sharp, the Woolwich Arsenal back, and Niblo—late Notts Forest, Aston Villa, Newcastle United, and Scottish international forward, who is now a member of the Watford eleven—should play for the professional footballers' golfing championship.

A game of golf between the pair would doubtless prove very interesting, but why should either claim "championship" honours? They would not be favourite if a championship competition of this kind were instituted.

Kitchen, the West Ham United goalkeeper, and McDiarmid, of Tottenham Hotspur, both play a good game, and either would probably beat the winner of the Sharp-Niblo match, while there are at least a score of footballers in Scotland who would concede either of the four mentioned a few strokes in a match of thirty-six holes.

Bell, the Dundee outside right, is one of the best football-golfers in the United Kingdom. He is a scratch man at Carnoustie.

Another capable golfer now residing in Scotland is "Bob" Houston, who used to play for Tottenham Hotspur. He plays more golf than football nowadays, and there are few better men on the Leven links.

HOPLEY, ALL-ROUNDER.

F. J. V. Hopley, the Blackheath forward, will assist Eastern Counties this season. He played himself into a permanency in the Heathen's pack from the trial match in September, before which but little was thought of his play. John Hopley is well known as the Cambridge University bowler, and he is also a great man with the gloves. He uses every ounce of his weight in the scrummage, and knows how to manipulate the ball in the open.

HEALE, OF NEW ZEALAND.

In A. T. Heale, the Eastern Counties have three-quarter back above the ordinary class. He is entered at London Hospital, but is a native of New Zealand, where he learned the rudiments of the game. He has already given great promise, and much is hoped from him in East Anglia. He has a high reputation at his hospital.

MUNRO FOR EASTERN COUNTIES.

The Eastern Counties are having the valuable help of Pat Munro, the famous Scottish half back, in their matches this season. Though a Scotsman, he is qualified for "the Counties" by virtue of residing at Chingford, where he has been domiciled for quite a long time. With a good pack in front of him, he is one of the cleverest halves playing, and no one knows better than the Old Oxonian how to get his three-quarters going. His qualification is a big gain to the Counties.

NORTHERN UNION CLUBS IN STRAITS.

Money must be "tight" in Northern Union circles. Freear, an old Irish international and Swansea three quarter, is on the Hull club's transfer list, but we are informed that none of the clubs in need of a three-quarter can afford to secure his services "because the transfer fee has been fixed at three figures." And yet a few weeks ago a prominent Northern Union official stated that the game was "flourishing." How many of the Association clubs in Yorkshire would hesitate to pay three figures for an international player?

SOUTH COAST CRICKET FESTIVALS.

At a special general meeting of the Sussex County Cricket Club, to discuss the report of the special committee appointed to consider the best means by which the interests of the club and Sussex cricket generally could be advanced, it was decided to elect the general committee on the territorial system, by which many districts throughout the county will be represented.

The scale of subscriptions paid by members was revised and other suggestions adopted, including the holding of cricket weeks at Brighton, Eastbourne, Hastings, and Chichester, subject to reasonable terms being made with the local ground authorities.

SUNDERLAND'S "DISCOVERY."

J. W. Huggins, Sunderland's outside left forward, who is not yet twenty-one years of age, seems likely to make a name for himself. Sunderland "discovered" him when they were playing a friendly against Bede College, and induced him to sign an amateur form. Five weeks ago he played his first League match against Manchester United, and since then has retained his place in the Wearside eleven. He is an all-round sportsman. When only eighteen years old he assisted Cumberland at cricket, he has twice been successful in lawn tennis tournaments, and is a swimmer and a cyclist.

AUSTRALIA NEXT.

A Reuter's telegram from Sydney says: The New South Wales Rugby Union has telegraphed to the English Union inquiring whether the visit of an Australian team to England in 1907 would be acceptable.

AMERICAN FOOTBALL PROFITS.

By the Harvard-Yale football match each university netted £6400.

Yale's total football receipts for the season already amount to £13,000.

A PROFIT FOR MIDDLESEX.

In the report of the Middlesex County Cricket Club, the committee, while regretting the ill success of Middlesex during the past season, drew attention to the double victory over Lancashire and the fine cricket shown in the drawn matches with Kent at Tonbridge, Yorkshire at Leeds, and Surrey at the Oval.

Thanks largely to the Kent match at Lord's, the season's fixtures yielded a balance of £585 1s. 11d. The officers of the club were re-elected, and Mr. G. W. Beldam and Major Hardy were added to the committee. It is understood that next year Middlesex, in addition to all their old matches, will play Hampshire and have one fixture with the South Africans. Albert Trott is to have his benefit during the season. Donations and bonuses to Trott, J. T. Hearne, and Tarrant amounted to nearly £180.

"HARD AS NAILS."

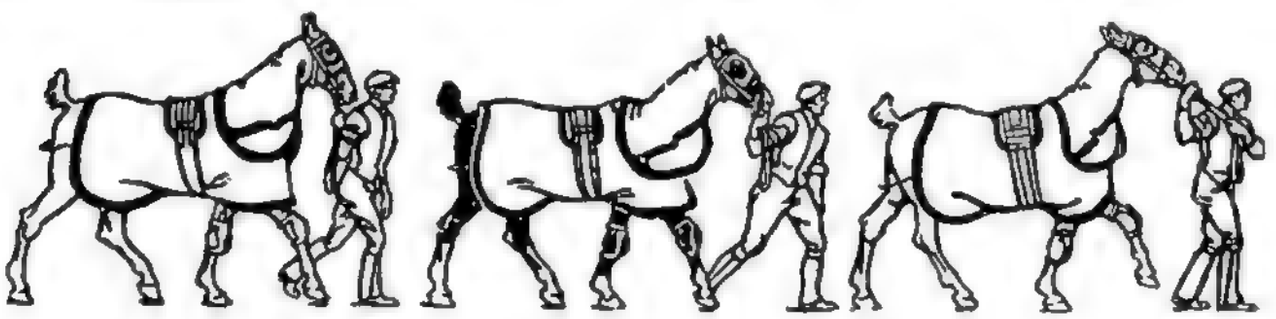
R. Jackett, the Cornish forward, who was selected to play for England in the trial match against the "Rest" has consistently led the Cornwall pack since 1901. Jackett is a burly forward, and scales about 14st. He is as hard as nails, as during the winter months he teaches a gymnastic class in Falmouth, and in the summer has taken many prizes in sailing and sculling.

A TRIBUTE FROM ETON.

As a memento of the Sprinboks' recent visit to Eton, and as a tribute to their prowess on the football field, the Eton boys have presented to the South Africans a "Wall" ball and "Field" ball suitably inscribed.

The headmaster (Canon Lyttelton) and many of the Upper boys were present to witness the great international match at the Crystal Palace on the 8th inst.

The South Africans, when at Windsor, witnessed a game at the "Wall," and also in the "Field."



THE NATURAL HISTORY OF THE SLUM CHILD.

[*The following is the second of two articles which have appeared in the "Scottish Review" dissecting a notable report just issued on the physical condition of the children attending a "slum" school in Edinburgh. It reveals a state of things demanding the earnest attention of all social reformers. The first of these articles was reproduced in a recent issue.*]

PERHAPS the most valuable portion of the report is that devoted to an examination of the relation between the mental capacity, the personal appearance and cleanliness of the children, and the character of the houses which they inhabit.

Mental Capacity.—The number of "excellents," say the examiners among boys and girls *increases with the better house accommodation.* The percentages ("excellent," "good," and "dull"), are as follow :—

	Boys.			Girls.		
	Excellent.	Good.	Dull.	Excellent.	Good.	Dull.
Houses of 1 room	3	38	18	4	39	1
,, 2 rooms	7	38	19	5	35	2
,, 3 ,,	11	35	15	11	35	1

Strange to say, the number of "goods" varies only a little, but is slightly in favour of the one room child. It seems to us that an explanation may also be found in the very wide comprehension probably given by the teachers to the term "good." It excludes the brilliant but it includes all the various gradations lying between marked capacity and a marked absence of it. The "dulls" do not show a marked decrease amongst the better housed children, "probably because a child's capabilities do not altogether depend on its environment."

Personal appearance.—In the case of "brightness and alertness" and "state of nutrition," the children living in one and two roomed houses compare very favourably with those living in three and four roomed houses, the lower percentage of "bads" in the one case, and of "thins" in the other, being only slightly in favour of the better housed chiidren.

Cleanliness.—Here *a priori* reasoning will not lead the reader astray. Over 30 per cent. of the children living in one roomed houses are classified as "bad," a considerable number of them being very bad. In the case of two roomed and three roomed houses the figures show a progressive improvement.

Height.—Among the boys there is a gradual increase in height with increased living accommodation, though the steady increase is not so noticeable in the case of the girls.

	Boys. Average Height.	Girls Average Height.
Houses of 1 room	46.91 in.	46.39 in
,, 2 rooms	48.23 ,,	47.91 ,,
,, 3 ,,	48.61 ,,	46.82 ,,
,, 4 ,,	49.18 ,,	47.63 ,,

It will be noticed that amongst the boys the difference is most marked between those living in one room and those living in two rooms—namely, 1.32 inches. The figures for children living in three roomed houses are reduced by the inclusion of two abnormally small girls.

Weight.—Here again among the boys there is a steady increase in the average weight with increased house room. The figures are as follow :—

	Boys and Girls. Average Weight.
Houses of 1 room ..	.. 52.73 lbs.
,, 2 rooms ..	.. 56.32 ,,
,, 3 ,, ..	.. 58.30 ,,
,, 4 ,, ..	.. 59.95 ,,

It will be noticed that here again the greatest difference is between children living in one roomed houses and those living in dwellings of two rooms. At

only one age—namely, eight years—did the average weight for children living in one room exceed that for children living in two rooms. Among the girls the weights, like the heights, of the children living in three rooms was less than that of the children living in two rooms. This again was accounted for by the two girls aged six mentioned above. At all ages the weights of the children living in one roomed houses is least.

Chest Capacity.—At all ages the chest capacity of children living in houses of one room is least, though the difference is not marked, being only ·14 less than the chest capacity of children living in three rooméd houses.

THE HOME LIFE.

Now let us turn to the home life of the children. Out of the 781 families visited (with 1389 children attending school), 142 parents were unskilled labourers, regular or irregular in their work, and 52 were in trades allied with printing. It was discovered that the unskilled labourer was paid 5½d. an hour. His regular full time is nine hours daily for five days a week and six hours on Saturday, which gives him a weekly wage of 23s. 4½d. When working "short time" his hours are eight for five days in the week, and the wage is 21s. 3d. a week. There were 78 regular labourers of this stamp, at an average of 21s. 3d. a week, and 64 odd-job men who earned on the average 14s. 7½d. a week. The highest paid worker was a riveter earning on the average 40s. per week. Seventy-seven others earned 30s. or over, while 17 earned 20s. or less, four of them being women, and one an apprentice. There were four rag-sorters, earning on the average 10s. a week.

MOTHERS AT WORK.

Edinburgh, we are told, is not a city specially noted for the preponderance of female employment. Still, in the 781 families visited, 262 mothers were wage earners, 153 being regularly at work. And whether the mother works constantly or not, the home suffers. The children run more in the streets, are fed more than ever on "pieces," instead of by regular meals, and there is every likelihood that the father will escape from the unpleasantness of the "tidying-up" process, which has to be done when the tired mother comes home at night, by joining his mates in the nearest public-house. In many cases the drinking habits of the husband made it necessary for the wife to work. Out of the 262 mothers working, 186 were from families where drinking was a *noticeable* feature, whereas only 29 of all the working mothers were from sober and respectable homes where the father was at work too. And these 29 were not regularly employed.

JUVENILE WAGE EARNING.

An important feature in the lives of the children is seen in the amount of juvenile wage earning. The number found at work was 175. Of these 68 were out of sober, decent families; 66 of this number, representing 52 families, had both parents alive, but two fathers were sailors, and so were much absent from home, and unable to send money regularly. Another father was "often ill;" two more were "chronic invalids; one had been ill for three years; two families had the grandparents to keep;

and lastly, one other was often idle, and though not a bad sort, seems to be one of the unemployed. Three of the child workers had parents who were sober enough but bad, while the remaining 104 *had either one or both* parents addicted to drink. Of the 175 child workers 130 were boys. The girls "help mother about the house," act as nurses to their mother's or neighbours' babies; and such employees do not receive money wages. Selling newspapers, running messages, and carrying milk, account for 149 of the total, and 15 girls are engaged in the occupations detailed above. The total average earnings of the juvenile workers attending school was nearly 2s. 6d. a week.

"Of children still at the day school working regularly, 64 in number, the average working hours per week were 15.48. Beside these, several do only two hours daily, but many do from 23 to 35 hours a week, and the hours on Saturday are especially long."

DRINK AND DEGRADATION.

The compilers of the report differentiate between "drunken" and "sober" in the following way. Sober families are not teetotalers, but those who do not lose attendance at work, nor are noticeably deficient in any necessaries on account of the father's or mother's "dram."

Out of the 781 families visited—

The number of Teetotal Families was	.. ..	18	293
" Sober "	.. ..	275	
The number of Drunken Families was	.. ..	425	488
" Suspected "	.. ..	63	

Thus 62 per cent. of the parents of the children were either drunken, or suspected of being so enslaved.

CHARITABLE ASSISTANCE.

The tables under this head are of the utmost importance. They indicate the unsystematic method of charitable relief, the overlapping, the assistance of the drunken and degraded, the comparative neglect of the struggling poor.

Of the 449 families assisted by one or more of the following—the officials of the Parish Council, the city societies for the relief of the sick and aged, interested persons, and a special society which watches over the well being of children, the Church and Salvation Army, the various Church charities and district visitors and Bible women, a school charity for care of destitute children, and so forth—the following figures have been compiled: Both parents were drunken in 114 cases; father only drank in 114 cases; mother only drank in 29 cases; widows drank in 25 cases; widows were sober in 30 cases; drink was suspected in 25 cases; both parents sober, father ill, in 13 cases; both parents sober and well in 92 cases; people doubtful in other ways in 7 cases.

An examination of the detailed list shows that only 113 families in receipt of charity are returned as sober. Thus in at least 336 cases the charity given goes to swell the publicans' receipts!

If ever a case, unmistakable and glaring, was made out for unification of charitable agencies and systematisation of relief, it is done in these pages

PEEPS INTO HOMES.

The saddest and most revealing portion of the report is furnished by the seventy-seven concluding pages, which give terse descriptions of the impressions of visitors to the homes of the children. Rarely, indeed, does one meet with a clean, happy, healthy home, inhabited by sober, well doing parents. Too often the house is filthy, and the parents are sodden with drink.

Such is the report. Words of ours can paint no blacker or more terrible picture than is presented by the careful, impartial record here presented. It reveals a plague spot in our midst; it demonstrates in lurid colours a nursery of vice, a recruiting ground for our goals, workhouses, and lunatic asylums; a source of moral infection which, if unchecked, must in time invade the whole body of the State.

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